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MA FAIR

MAYFA
Vol.45 No.01

JUST OUR CUP OF TEASE!

Ronnie's new, she's hot …and she's inside!

GIFT OF THE GAB'!

She's nicer to kiss than the Blarney Stone!

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MAYFAIR

Vol.45 No.01

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Editor's letter

So there you go – another year bites the dust, leaving us all a little bit older, if not necessarily much wiser. But what have we learnt in 2009, exactly? Well, that 'under the mattress' isn't such a bad a place to keep your valuables after all – and I don't just mean your stash of *Mayfairs*, either – and that fighting wars in far flung lands is actually quite a tricky business. Erm, lessons we probably should have known all along, in fact. Thank goodness there are some institutions you can rely on in this ever-changing world of ours – institutions like *Mayfair*, which, you can rest assured, will continue in its ceaseless task to track down the sexiest ladies in the world, and bring them to you. Enjoy!

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MAYFAIR Male

So what's been on your mind this month, regarding Mayfair, girls and the state of the world? Well, stuff like this, for starters…

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BRIMFUL OF SASHA

I've always been a bit reluctant to write in to the *Mayfair* Male section, as I didn't think my letter would get published and you'd probably just throw it into the bin without even reading it *(Certainly not! – Ed)*. However, when I clapped eyes on Sasha from Vol.44 Issue.11 I just knew I had to put pen to paper in order to try and thank you guys for featuring one of the cutest and downright sexy girls I've ever seen. Credit where credit's due, as they say! Now hopefully you haven't ripped this letter up and thrown it into the bin just yet, but as well as asking you to publish another shoot with Sasha in *Mayfair* very soon, while I'm at it I'd also like to tell you what else I enjoyed about the magazine.

Conny looked incredible – as usual – Gemma looked great again, and I like redheads, so covergirl Jayden certainly did it for me.

As for negatives, what was with the MILF girl? I wouldn't like to get into an argument with her!

Carl, Basingstoke

Carl, we never throw our readers' letters away. In fact, we read them carefully and take on board everything constructive they have to say about the magazine. We've said it many times before and we'll say it again – here at *Mayfair* we value your feedback! And yes Carl, sometimes they even get published, particularly if they say nice things about the magazine.

Sasha and Conny are both big favourites around the office, but we're split right down the middle on who we like the best. Perhaps we need to get both girls back for another shoot to investigate the matter further…

As for the MILF, well that feature has gone now, and we're sure the girl would've appealed to some tastes. But evidently not yours, Carl.

FESTIVAL EXCESS

I thought you may be interested in what happened at a music festival my girlfriend and I attended last summer. When we got there it was relatively sunny and warm, and many of the girls were in standard festival wear – boots, hot pants and bikini tops. Although my girlfriend had yet to enjoy another woman – she generally likes cock too much! – she does enjoy looking at other girls' bodies, and we were soon discussing who had the best tits of the many bikini clad girls on show. There were plenty of contenders, but then one in particular caught the eye…

There was one of the fairy type tents you get at many events now where you could buy fairy wings and outfits etc. We had a look inside on the first afternoon and I was greeted by a pretty young girl with long dark black hair, wearing fake eye lashes that emphasised her big eyes. She had on gold skimpy hot pants with black fishnet tights and big platform shoes. Wrapped around her shoulders was a red feather boa. This barely managed to conceal her lovely pert boobs, and for the sake if decency – almost – she had black tassels covering her nipples.

"Hi," she said, as I entered. "Anything take your fancy?"

What could I say? I smiled and said that yes, there was plenty I liked the look of! This seemed to encourage her.

"Well feel free to touch if there's anything you like, we don't mind the merchandise being handled."

She was definitely playing games with me, so I played along; "To be honest, there are a couple of things I might like to handle," I said.

"I should hope so," she said, leaning forward slightly and giving me a fleeting glimpse of those lovely boobs of hers before she turned and moved away. I watched her walk away, her cute bum cheeks not fully covered by her shorts.

My girlfriend, Josie, had been watching the whole thing.

"She likes you," she said, "and I think you like her," she added, nodding to the bulge in my shorts. She is not the jealous type, and if anything incidents like this tend to turn her on – they certainly bring out the naughty side in her!

Anyway, later in the day we were near the fairy tent again. "Want to go back in and have another look?" Josie enquired.

> "Abigail was gasping and moaning, and as I licked her clit faster, she said she was going to come."

"Why not?" I said, never being one to turn down a good look at a pair of tits. At first, I was disappointed as the girl had now put a cardigan round her but as our eyes met, she walked from behind the counter, taking the cardigan off as she did.

Josie was next to me this time, and took the lead. "We're going to be in the main stage bar if you want a drink later as a reward for winning our best tits competition."

"Really?" she squealed. "But you haven't even fully seen them!"

Now this was getting interesting. "I am finished here in about half hour," she went on, "shall I meet you there?"

"Please do," Josie said.

Josie was very pleased with herself. "Looks like you will be getting to look at them a while longer," she said as we walked to the bar. We ordered some drinks, and not long later there was a murmur in the crowded bar as the tassel girl appeared. She was in the same outfit and drawing lustful looks from the guys and jealous looks from their partners.

"I've come to claim my prize!" she said. She ordered a pint and we chatted. Her name was Abigail; she was a local student earning some extra cash at the festival whilst getting in free. She was full of chat, funny and very tactile, frequently touching both Josie and me. It turned out she was also very much in touch with her spiritual side, all her mates called her 'Stardust' for reasons we never quiet worked out – but her spiritual side also seemed to mean that she was very comfortable being naked! We found her good company and were happy to buy her drinks for long into the night, all of us making comments about the stares 'Stardust' got.

Suddenly we heard a thunder clap and the heavens opened as a huge storm broke.

Our camper van wasn't that far away, so I suggested we all made for it. The girls agreed and so, after we'd got some more drinks, we headed off in the storm. No one cared about the rain and Stardust enjoyed dancing and jumping around, her tits bouncing around, much to all the other festivalgoers' delight. By the time we reached the van we were all soaked through. We fell in and all sat on the cushions at one end of the van, laughing at how wet we were.

Abigail made the first move. "Well I feel I a bit guilty," she said. "You've been spoiling me all night and you haven't even seen my tits fully naked." With that she pulled the tassels off, revealing a very stiff pair of nipples.

"Well that confirms it," I said. "Our worthy winner!" but Josie was quick to add, "Hold on Pete, you haven't even touched them yet – they have to pass the grope test!"

Abigail laughed. "Oh I thought you'd never ask!" I stood up, moved towards her, and made a big thing about pretending to study her tits before running my hands over them.

"How suckable are they?" Josie asked. I lifted Stardust's left tit and licked and nibbled her nipple before sucking it into my mouth. She was only about a 32B and it was easy to take most of her boob in my mouth.

Then I started to suck and caress both her tits. Abigail was moaning as I sucked and gently bit her. I let one hand drop to her cute arse and had a nice grope before sliding round to the front and undoing the zip on her hotpants. Abigail helped, pulling the pants down to her ankles as I pushed a hand down her fishnets. She was smooth and I traced my fingers across her lips before pushing a finger firmly into her. She gasped as I started fingering her while still sucking on her tits.

"Make our winner come!" Josie squealed. I kissed down her tummy until I was on my knees, removing my finger so I could pull her tights down. Her pussy was in front of my face and I could smell the musk from her. While she was still standing I put a hand on her arse and pulled her snatch into my face. She tasted divine and I started to lick her clit. Josie now had her hand down her panties and her jeans around her knees as she watched me lick our new best friend.

Soon, Abigail was gasping and moaning, and as I licked her clit faster, she murmured that she was going to come. She did – hard, her knees buckling as she climaxed and I had to hold onto her to stop her collapsing. Josie, meanwhile, bought herself off while she watched us.

The girls recovered and then Josie undid my zip, letting my cock spring out.

"Well, Stardust, I guess that's the real prize!" Josie said. Stardust didn't disappoint, she was on her knees in no time, and gave the most wonderful blow-job. At the same time I sucked on Josie's tits while she rubbed her own clit.

Continued on page 22 ▶

THE GREAT PUSSY DEBATE…

I must confess that I read the Lads' Mags and I regularly buy the tabloids, so I'm well aware of the work of Michelle Marsh, Natalie Oxley and the like. To be honest, the shoots you've featured with those girls have really pissed me off in the past, as I've been really excited thinking you've persuaded them to reveal all, and then they just tease and disappoint. As many of your readers have said in the past – what's the point? I can see that in *Nuts* and *Zoo*!

However, and I realise I'm being contrary here, I did enjoy the shoot with Hannah Claydon in *Mayfair* volume 44 issue 11, even though she didn't show us her fanny. The sight of her peeling off that sexy lingerie to reveal her awesome boobs got my cock throbbing in no time, and as I'd already figured there wouldn't be any open leg shots it didn't bother me at all when there wasn't.

Saying that, all the middle-shelf girls, or whatever you want to call them, could do to take a leaf out of the stunning Gemma Massey's book. She's certainly not too proud to show us everything! Why don't you get her to have a word with Hannah?

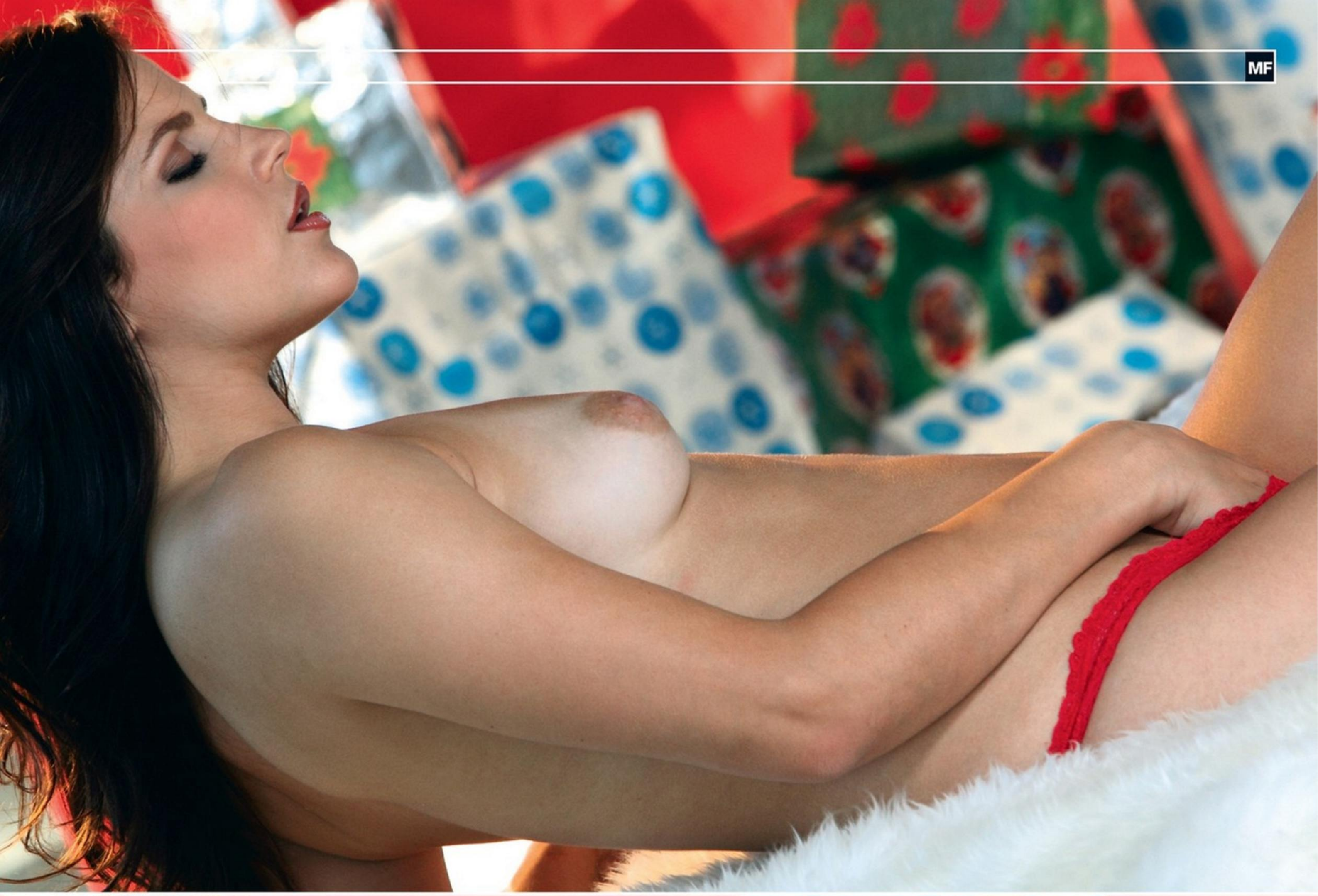
Julian, Leeds

Enough said really Julian – we also wish we could persuade the Lads' mags girls to go further! But surely having them in *Mayfair* is better than not having them at all? Feel free to let us know…

Bobbi

Age: 26 **Vital Stats:** 32B-24-32
Photographer: Hicks

Bobbi here's got a fair few strings to her bow – not least being a classically trained oboist! Apparently she was going to join an orchestra and everything, but then, perhaps luckily for mankind (although who can judge the loss to the musical world?) she decided she was altogether too sex-crazed for that, and resolved to turn her hand to modelling in the nip instead. Not that she was going short during her musical youth – apparently classical musicians are a right horny bunch who, when they're not playing concerti and the like, prefer to dabble in, er, big band swing. And with nice, hairy nadgers like Bobbi's to choose from, who can blame them?



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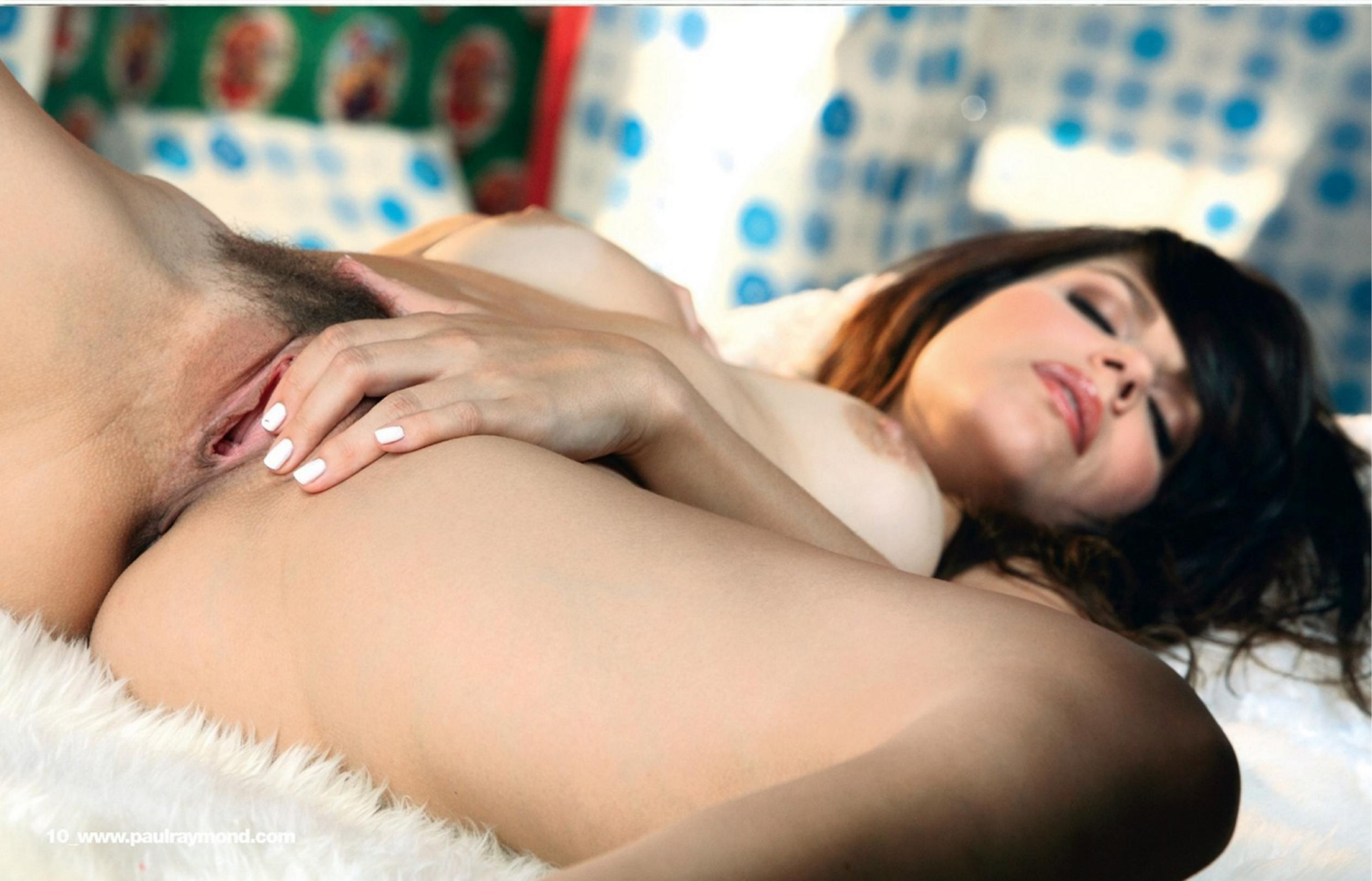


WorldMags

MAYFAIR
Presents...

GIANNA MICHAELS

Like last month's '*Mayfair* Presents' girl, the gorgeous Yurizan Beltran, chesty temptress Gianna Michaels would probably only have had to set up a website devoted to her beautifully curvaceous body and incredible breasts in order to makes ends meet and build up a legion of devoted fans. So it's to her credit, not to mention proof of her love of sex, that's she's chalked up over 300 no-holds-barred movies so far in her career when all she really had to do was let us see her massive boobs and perhaps do a bit of soft girl/girl every now and again. Indeed, in a business dominated by money, faked orgasms and girls who are gay for pay, it's reassuring to know that Gianna is in porn primarily for the right reason – her enjoyment of hardcore boning.

> "In a business dominated by money, faked orgasms and girls who are gay for pay, it's reassuring to know that Gianna is in porn for the right reason – her enjoyment of hardcore"

Quite surprising then that she actually got into the adult industry completely by chance. After moving to LA from her native Seattle to be closer to a now ex-boyfriend, she got a job in a burger bar called – both humorously and rather prophetically – Dick's Drive In.

Prophetic because there was no way the porn capital of the world was going to miss a pretty face and a pair of boobies like that for long, and soon Gianna was being regularly approached by agents – sometimes just randomly in the street – asking her those immortal words: "Do you want to be a model". And after a while she decided to say "What the heck?" and give it a try. Gianna signed up for some lingerie shoots and, as is so often the case in these situations, lingerie became nude, and nude became adult movies. Suddenly Ms. Michaels was a pornstar.

Although by her own admission she found

Photos: Digital Playground

MAYFAIR Presents... GIANNA MICHAELS

> "With her ferocious appetite for sex and her gorgeous curves, you'd expect Gianna to have blokes queuing up to get into her knickers…"

the learning curve a bit steep in her first couple of scenes – *Goo Goo Girls 17* and *Young Ripe Melons 7*, just for the record – soon Gianna had found her feet and was keen to bring her trademark energy and enthusiasm to her performances. *G for Gianna* and *My First Porn 7* soon followed, and a reputation in the industry for 'Always looking like she wants to fuck the guy in half', quickly began to grow. Thankfully, as yet, she hasn't managed to actually fuck a guy in half, but we'd never say never.

With her ferocious appetite for sex and her gorgeous curves, you'd expect Gianna to have blokes queuing up to try and get into her knickers, but according to her that's not quite the case. "My sex life outside of porn is non-existent," she says. "I have to get my fix on camera." Hard to believe, I know. Maybe ordinary guys are intimidated by her. Or perhaps she has terrible wind.

Either way, Gianna's career has continued to flourish. In 2008 she won Best All-Sex Release for the aforementioned *G For Gianna* and Best Unsung Starlet of the Year at the AVN Awards, the latter of which sounds a little bit like a back-handed compliment, but hey, an award is an award. This year she bowed to the demands of her fans and performed her very first anal scene in Elegant Angel's *Big Wet Asses 15*. She's even had a song written about her by the 'pornogrind' band Rotten Crotch called 'Cumming on Gianna Michaels'. And if you'd like to check it out you can find it on an album called Vaginal Pornoperations sandwiched in between tunes titled 'More Dead Cunts' and 'Drink Cum From My Fucking Cock'. Apparently it sounds a bit like Simply Red, but feel free to track it down and have a listen for yourselves.

So with hundreds of movies to her name, her first anal under her belt and, ahem, her name immortalised in song, what's next for the girl with the pretty face and the gorgeous tits? Well, more movies, more anal and some more fetish-based stuff apparently, and she also hopes to scoop some awards at the 2010 AVNs. I'm sure you'll also be pleased to hear that Gianna has no plans to tamper with those 36DD boobs of hers for the foreseeable future. But then again, when they look as beautiful as that, why ever would she?

"Do you like my new earrings?"

Tiffany

Age: 22 **Vital Stats:** 32C-23-33
Photographer: Sage Style

We all know that from time to time girls like to move all the furniture about to give the room a 'fresh' feel, but shoving an armchair out into the garden? Tiffany, you've clearly gone too far this time!

"Very funny!" she snapped. "Of course I've only shoved it out here for the shoot to make the most of the weather – although as it happens, I think I have got a pretty good eye for interior design!"

Of course you do, love – it's only natural for you women. To be honest, though, you could have the telly facing the wall and the sofa tipped up on one end and we wouldn't mind one bit – as long as we got treated to a regular eyeful of that fantastic body of yours!

Continued from page 05

Abigail really seemed to know what she was doing – she had a fantastic technique that involved cradling the underside of my shaft with her tongue while sucking as much of my length into her mouth as possible. Then, every now and then, she'd pull my cock out and tease the tip with her tongue before coating it with her hot saliva and slurping it back into her welcoming mouth.

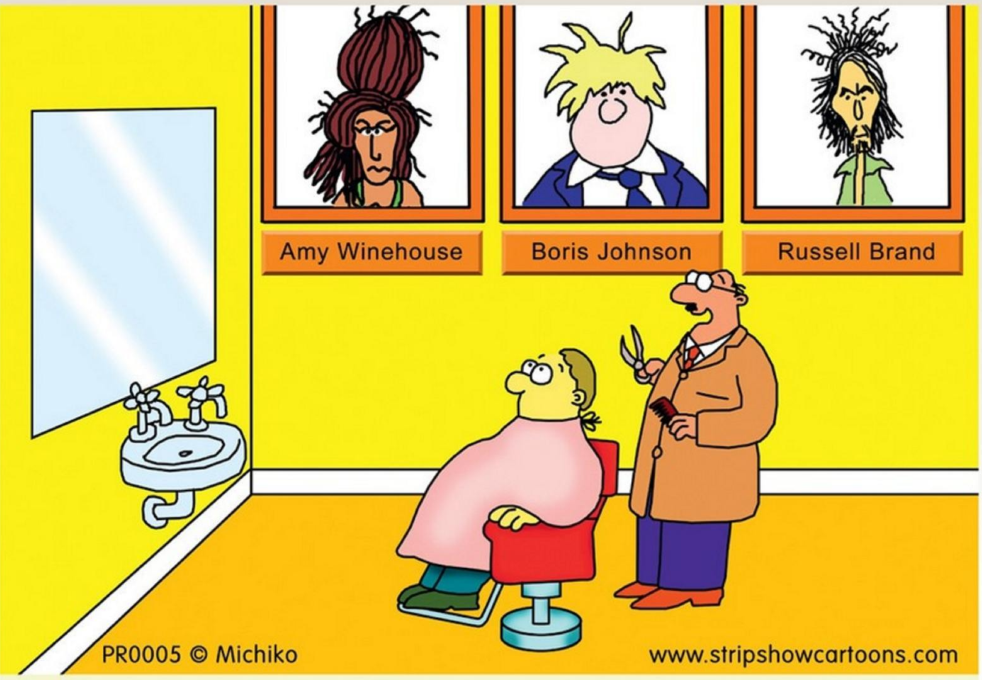
Given the erotic situation I was in, it was hard work trying to hold of my own orgasm, but I did my best for a few minutes of intense pleasure before it finally became too much for me. I just had time to gasp that I was coming before the first shot up my tingling shaft…

Pulling my cock from her mouth, Abigail took the first load across her face and then sprayed my spunk on those lovely tits of hers. I absolutely covered her beautiful mounds with my muck before I was spent, and then she massaged my cream into her tits with her hands as she licked me clean. Josie, meanwhile, came again before the three of us collapsed back on the cushions, breathless.

We offered Abigail the chance to stay and have a proper shower in the morning, which she readily accepted. We all snuggled up on the bed, and in the morning Abigail's tits were again the stars of the show, as this time both Josie and I had another session enjoying them before Josie sucked them whilst I again went down on her lovely pussy.

She did get a shower in the end, and she also agreed to stay with us for the last night of the festival. That was also another special night, with Stardust bringing a few accessories that I never knew fairies used!

Pete, Walsall



We get all the stars in here

BUM'S THE WORD!

I'd known Hannah for a good few years but I'd never done anything naughty with her. But all that changed when my wife Kerry decided to leave me for a work mate, the only good decision she made during our marriage! She'd been gone about six months when I bumped into Hannah in my local. It was Friday night and she was dressed to kill. I waved at her and she walked over to me. I noticed the way her trousers outlined the curve of her pussy.

"Fancy meeting you here," she said. We got chatting and before I knew it it was last orders.

"Off home now or going clubbing?" I asked.

"Home," she answered. "I'm not really a clubber."

"Me neither," I said. "Want to share a taxi?"

"Sure," she answered and off we headed for the taxi rank. As we walked along we chatted.

"Are you over it?" she asked. "Your missus…"

"Well and truly. It was the best thing she could have done. He wasn't the first anyway. Turned out she'd been at with a few guys. And the worst part was she was always accusing me of putting it about! I remember once, she even said that I'd been fucking you."

"Cheeky mare!" gasped Hannah.

"Just because we saw you one day when you were uptown wearing a pair of shorts and I told you your legs were looking good." I paused. "They were looking good, though."

Hannah took my hand and squeezed it. "They still do," she laughed. "And there's no reason why you shouldn't get a good, long look at them now – especially as you've already been accused of it! Come on, let's go back to mine," she said and we hopped into a taxi.

> "I want you to fuck me hard. My pussy is so wet just thinking about your cock inside me."

Maybe it was the fact that she was a bit pissed, but once we were in the taxi Hannah started whispering all kinds of things in my ear.

"I want you to fuck me hard. My pussy is so wet just thinking about your cock inside me. I want you to eat me out."

I was so horny that I slipped my cock out of my pants and let Hannah stroke the throbbing shaft so that she got a little taste of what was about to come, quite literally!

As soon as we were inside Hannah's house we were tonguing each other furiously, my hands running over her tight arse and hers over mine. Within minutes I was stark naked, sitting on her couch with my cock straining skywards while Hannah went upstairs to change into something more comfortable.

When she came back I was pleased to see her choice; red, see-through basque, together with matching stockings and shoes. All the better to see her lovely pussy with.

Hannah stood in front of me, her legs apart, allowing me a close-up of her pussy. Unable to resist for long, I bent down and started flicking my tongue at her clit, my hands cradling her beautiful, firm arse cheeks. She moaned with pleasure as, within a couple of minutes or so, I licked her to her first orgasm and her pussy juices dribbled down my chin. Next we reversed roles, me standing and Hannah on her knees as she sucked my hard cock, her hands now clasping my arse cheeks. I could feel my spunk beginning to build up inside me, so quickly pulled out of her mouth.

"Let's go upstairs," Hannah said. "It's more comfortable." I watched from behind as she walked up the stairs, her gorgeous arse waggling seductively. She lay down on the bed, opened her legs and bent them at the knees, showing her smooth pussy in all its glory. She told me it was time to fuck her.

I knelt between her legs with my cock at the entrance to her pussy, then slid into her. Our pubic bones met as I quickened the pace again, thrusting in and out of her. Her legs moved up around my neck and my hands cupped her arse cheeks, feeling for the crack between them. I traced my finger along its length until I found her rosebud. I slowed my thrusting down, lubricated her hole with pussy juice, then slid a finger into her bum hole and fingered her arse as I fucked her squelching.

Hannah shook as her first orgasm tore through her. Then, chancing my arm rather, I pulled my cock out and, having carefully lined it up with her tightest hole, I slipped it deep inside her bum. After just a few short thrusts I felt my whole body tense and I shot hot spunk deep up her passage.

After what seemed like an age, Hannah turned to me, "Same time next week Bum Boy?!"

And that's exactly what we did!

Alan, Dundee

When we booked Gabriella in for this shoot, she mentioned that she had a day job that would make her very popular with the *Mayfair* readers. We began to speculate, but the best we could come up with was that she was either a policewoman or a nurse, and that she might bring her uniform along. Needless to say, we were wide of the mark.

"I work in a well-known department store," Gabriella told us when she arrived on set. Fine, but how exactly will that make her popular with our readers, we thought. Can she get them staff discount? But suddenly it all became clear.

"I manage the lingerie section, which means I get to sample all the sexy new styles. I think they'll really like this lacy black number" Yes, and so do we…

Gabriella

Age: 22 **Vital Stats:** 32C-23-33
Photographer: Steve Colby

SEE MY VIDEO
paulraymond.com/mayfair

SEE MY RUDER PICS
paulraymond.com/mayfair

SEE MY VIDEO
paulraymond.com/mayfair

21st Century Toys

The truth? The truth? You can't handle truth! Fortunately, here's JAMES SAINT with some gadget stuff instead; he just wants you to handle his fact-cock…

It's bizarre, but ever since I became numero uno Tech Correspondent for *Mayfair*, a lot of people have come up to me and said: "Oi, cock-face, get off my car!" Others have also approached me and suggested that I have a bit of a cushy number, playing with the latest techno-trickery while surrounded by tits and fresh fanny. But it's not, you know? First of all, the aforementioned tits and fanny make it hard. And hard to concentrate. Then there's the deadline issue – because the tyrannical editor insists on working so far in advance, I now have to predict what will exist in the future before writing about what I suspect it might do… and then 'think' an image of it onto photographic paper.

Okay, so I might be exaggerating a little, but I'm just trying to point out that tech writers on flesh pamphlets can suffer from pressure too; which is why I'm declaring next week: Tech Writers on Flesh-Pamphlets Awareness Week. Me and the bloke who used to do the gadgets on *Club (Him?! He was a right tool! – Ed.)* are going out on the razz with some of the top-flange from this place, and I plan on making them very aware of me.

Right, that's enough about my seedy plans, want to see some tech? Of course you do! It's the only reason most men buy this mag…

Chumby

Price: £140

www.veda.co.uk

OK, now whilst I'm well aware that most people who have Wi-Fi in their homes more than likely have a computer of some description, the freshly launched (and resolutely lower case) chumby seems to have been invented for those that don't. What kind of a person would have Wi-Fi and no computer? Why the type who'd buy a Chumby, of course – infallible logic.

Described as being about the size of a grapefruit, Chumby is a "lifestyle-friendly Internet-enabled device", which translates as: hey, are you so obsessed with social networking sites that you'd Twitter on the shitter if it wasn't for something at the back of your mind telling you that dropping the kids off at the pool while updating your status was deeply wrong? Well, Chumby is for you!

Providing the latest news, weather, stock reports, gossip, music, Internet radio stations, the ability to share photos and, of course, keep up to date on MyFace via its 3.5-inch TFT liquid crystal display, Chumby provides the leisure part of the Internet in the same way as your laptop, but without giving you the option to actually do any work. Oh, and it has no qualms about being used while you're on the shitter. Ideal, then.

KitSound X5

Price: £40

www.kondor.co.uk

Ever wondered how you can truly fuck someone utterly off on a train? In a restaurant? Perhaps even on a plane? Firstly, you need an MP3-player of some description. Got one? Good. Next you need a flat surface. Check? Good. And, finally, you need the X5 from KitSound…

Taking the ability to push even nuns into fits of stabby fury, the X5 is a portable speaker system for your mobile music maker… with a bass system that kicks arse. Yep, thanks to a patented SFX Gel Audio technology, this little beauty turns the surface it sits on into speakers and generates what the press release describes as "A MASSIVE AMOUNT OF BASS" – and, for once, it's the truth.

Featuring a rechargeable battery good for 20-hours, the X5 has a frequency response of 40Hz – 20KHz and even sports an 'intelligent' amplifier that tweaks levels for maximum sound output. Let the infuriating commence!

Audio Chi W-Series

Price: £70
www.audiochi.com

Of course, if you have no wish to either annoy fellow travellers or find yourself at the end of a savage stomping, then you might want to go down the far more personal headphone route. But, with so many different types out there, what do you go for? Well, funny you should ask, because there's a new kind on your block: Audio Chi.

Having weighed up the trendy looking cans against the nerdy quality ones, Audio Chi decided to do something quite original, and produced the best of both worlds.

Not only do these rather fetching phones come in a multitude of colours and designs to suit all tastes, no matter how weird, they also come packing 40mm Titanium Mylar drivers and Audio Chi's Structural Acoustics Technology to result in exceptionally flawless sound, regardless of the pisspoor pop pap you're listening to.

Adding even more innovation to the mix, the W-Series comes with an adapter for mobile phones and, most cunningly of all, a unique detachable, interchangeable, woven cable that – ready for this? – will not tangle! Headphones don't come any smarter than that.

PURE Siesta iDock

Price: £90
www.pure.com

PURE
Siesta iDock
13:51
Siesta iDock
Now playing...

Everything comes with a dock for the iPod/iPhone these days, everything from Hi-Fi systems to kettles to my cock. In fact, I believe it's the law now in San Francisco that any babies born without a dock on top of their heads have to be thrown off the Golden Gate bridge. But then, I believe a lot of things. So, anyway, it should come as no surprise that the latest bedside offering from PURE comes with… yes, a bloody iDock.

But, apart from being able to charge your iPod/Phone while it belts out your playlist, and wake you in the morning to the strains of your favourite tune rather than a blaring klaxon or some moronic breakfast DJ, it's also a stereo DAB/DAB+/FM radio alarm, with15 presets, sleep and snooze functions and even something called a PowerPort which, apparently, is there to provide power for USB accessories such as mobile chargers, reading lights, cup warmers (something for the ladies, I guess) and, well, vibrating plastic fannies and the like.

Back to that iDock thingie, though. Cleverly, the Siesta display shows 'track' and 'now playing' information too, saving you from having to squint at your iPod to see exactly which Lady Gaga tune is assaulting your ears while you plough that plastic pussy.

Apple Magic Mouse

Price: £55
www.apple.com/uk

Sounding more like a sex toy aimed at librarians than a significant advance in PC interface technology (a term I just made up), Apple's latest addition to its line-up is a welcome update of the humble mouse… as the name might have given away to sharper readers. Using the same touchy tech as the iPod/Phone, there's no pesky buttons to click, but a slick, sexy Multi-Touch surface across the entire top of the mouse that requires you to use various finger gestures to navigate your way around the screen.

Naturally, this means that Apple is demanding you learn a whole new way to access your computer in pretty much the same way they demanded we all learn a new way to be ripped off over the price of music and using a phone, but, damn it, it's wireless and bizarrely good looking (for a computer mouse), so you can be sure we're all going to obey eventually.

WorldMags

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Fiona Cooper, PO Box 16, Halifax, West Yorks, HX1 1EU, England.

WorldMags

Carmen

Age: 23 **Vital Stats:** 36D-26-35
Photographer: Andrew Hayek

With a name like Carmen, you'd expect a girl to be a raven-haired Mediterranean type who likes to keep herself busy flouncing around to flamenco music and getting entangled with bullfighters, but our Carmen's clearly got a few more Celtic roots in her make-up.

"Well yes, that's true – my Mum is Irish, but I was named after the opera!" she explained, when we put this to her. "My whole family were real opera-lovers, and all my brothers and sisters have got operatic names as well."

Really?! Well that might be alright if there are a couple of them, but you wouldn't want to be called Aida, would you? "Hey, Aida's my big sister!"

SEE MY RUDER PICS
paulraymond.com/
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SEE MY VIDEO
paulraymond.com/mayfair

Forza Italia!

It's a pretty safe bet that Ferrari are never going to put out a right old shitbucket, but just how good is their new 458 Italia? Mayfair finds out…

Words: Martin Bains **Pictures:** Newspress

New season, new driver line-up, new hope. That's what Ferrari is banking on as the countdown to the 2010 Formula One world championship begins. When the red lights go out in Bahrain in a couple of months' time, the Italian outfit's Felipe Massa and Fernando Alonso will, once again, be among the favourites to challenge for the drivers' title.

Bosses will have been smarting that the previous F60 racer ended 2009 with such a whimper. But while there have been plenty of lacklustre Ferrari GP cars over the years, the men from Maranello have never produced a rubbish road car. And the new *458 Italia* upholds this tradition with jam on!

It's due to replace the F430 later in 2010, and is already regarded by many as one of the most beautiful machines on the planet. Ferrari's mates at legendary styling house Pininfarina have really excelled themselves, coming up with a shape that combines all the drama you'd expect from the firm with endless sex appeal. Plus, much of the technology from Ferrari's grand prix programme – the stuff that does work, anyway – has filtered down to make this a true racer for the road.

The first thing to strike you is the bank of LED headlights, stacked vertically. Not only do they provide piercing illumination, they accentuate the upward curve of the front wheelarch, which falls away just as dramatically as the shape moulds around the cockpit. Huge air intakes hint at the power of the V8, mounted at the back, while the rear wheelarches flow effortlessly into the wide tail end.

In profile, you get a true impression of how low this car sits to the ground, and also of how many hours engineers must have spent fine-tuning the aerodynamics in the wind tunnel. Move round to the back, and the centrally mounted triple exhausts look gorgeous, while nosey parkers can get an eyeful of the V8 through the glass cover. That's right – even Ferrari's engines look good.

Inside is a combination of style, luxury and driver focus that buyers of £150,000 supercars demand. But even if you're used to the finer things in life, the *458*'s interior will still blow your socks off. It's almost as gorgeous as the exterior, with only the highest-grade leather trimming many of the surfaces, and combining with Alcantara and top-quality plastics to provide a real sense of occasion. As with any Ferrari, longbodies need to be expert contortionists to climb aboard, but once you've settled into the beautifully finished hide bucket seats, they promise to cosset and support your backside for hours.

Ahead of you is a surprisingly minimalist dash layout. The only switches you'll find on here are for some of the secondary cabin functions – most of the key features are controlled through buttons on the hub of the hi-tech steering wheel. This brings a bit of the F1 experience to the road, and Ferrari fans will love it.

They'll also love tunnels. The V8 ensures the *458* sounds as good as it looks at any speed, and no owner will be able to resist a covered section of road – shift down a couple of gears, and you can really savour the metallic, mechanical wail for which Ferrari engines are famous. The 4.5-litre unit is no yappy little rat dog, though – its bite is as loud as its bark. A total of 562bhp and 540Nm of torque is transferred to the rear wheels using some of the most cutting-edge technology on the road.

Ferrari
brembo carbon ceramic

> "The shape combines all the drama you'd expect from a company with endless sex appeal."

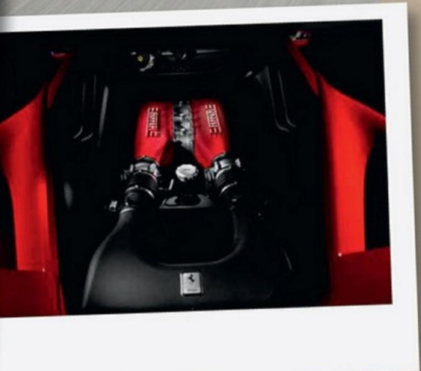
FE 458 IT1
MO

Ferrari pioneered the double-clutch transmission, and its latest seven-speed F1 gearbox is its best ever. Shifts take fractions of a second, to ensure drivers can tap into every ounce of that huge torque output. Plus, the E-Diff electronic differential works with the advanced traction and stability control packages to distribute power as efficiently as possible when grip is in short supply. Wheelspin is virtually eliminated and the power is delivered to the road in a predictable, reassuring manner.

That's not to say this car isn't frighteningly fast, of course. The sprint from 0-62mph is dispatched in less than 3.5 seconds, and the *458* keeps on pulling ferociously, eating up the tarmac, until you've eclipsed 200mph. F1-inspired carbon ceramic brakes provide equally devastating stopping performance.

Wherever you drive it, the new Ferrari needs to be treated with the same respect as demanded by any supercar. The instant throttle response and neck-snapping pace can be truly terrifying to the uninitiated. But once you've got used to this, and the lightning reactions and supreme feedback offered by the steering, the *458* is hugely rewarding to drive. Its new chassis is 15 per cent stiffer than the F430's, for even greater body control and more predictable cornering, while bosses claim a 32 per cent improvement in acceleration out of bends. Few owners will reach the limits in this car on the road – it'll take a track day to find out exactly how sharp and responsive it is.

Not many people ever get to drive a Ferrari Formula One racer, but the expertise and technology borrowed from the pitlane mean the *458 Italia* takes those with a spare £150,000 to spend closer than ever. It's not only one of the most beautiful cars in the world, it's also one of the finest ever made.



SPECIFICATIONS

PRICE: £150,000 (est)
POWER/TORQUE: 562bhp/540Nm
0-62mph: 3.4 seconds
ENGINE: 4.5-litre V8
CHASSIS: tubular steel trellis-type frame.
TOP SPEED: 202mph
CONTACT: www.ferrari.com

Gentlemen, That Reminds Me

Terrible jokes? What do you mean?! If you think you can do any better, email your efforts to: mayfair@paulraymond.com or send them to:
PRP, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London, EC1V 9NR.

There was a bear, a lion and a pig showing off. The bear says that when he growls the whole forest gets frightened.

The lion scoffs and boasts that when he growls the whole jungle gets frightened. The pig grunts, turns to the other two and says: "So what? All I have to do is sneeze and the whole world shits itself!"

There was this couple who were massive overspenders. They always dreamt about going on holiday to Hawaii, but were never able to save any money to do so. One day they came up with an idea that each time they had sex they would put a £10 note into a piggy bank.

So they bought the piggy bank, and followed that procedure for about a year. After that time, they decided that there was enough money for their dream vacation and broke the piggy bank. The husband looked at their savings and said: "Isn't it strange. Each time we had sex, I put £10 into the piggy. But I see loads of £20 notes and a few £50s in there too."

The wife replied: "Well not everyone is as stingy as you are."

A man walks into the vegetable section of his local supermarket and asks for half a lettuce. The boy working there tells him that they only sell whole heads of lettuce, but the man is insistent that the boy asks his manager about the matter.

Walking into the back room, the boy says to his manager, "Some tosser wants to buy a half-head of lettuce!' As he finishes his sentence, he turns to find the man standing right behind him, so he adds, "And this gentleman kindly offered to buy the other half."

The manager approves the deal and the man goes on his way. Later, the manager finds the boy and says, "I was impressed with the way you got yourself out of that situation. We like people who think on their feet here. Where are you from son?'

"Originally from Essex, sir," the boy replies.

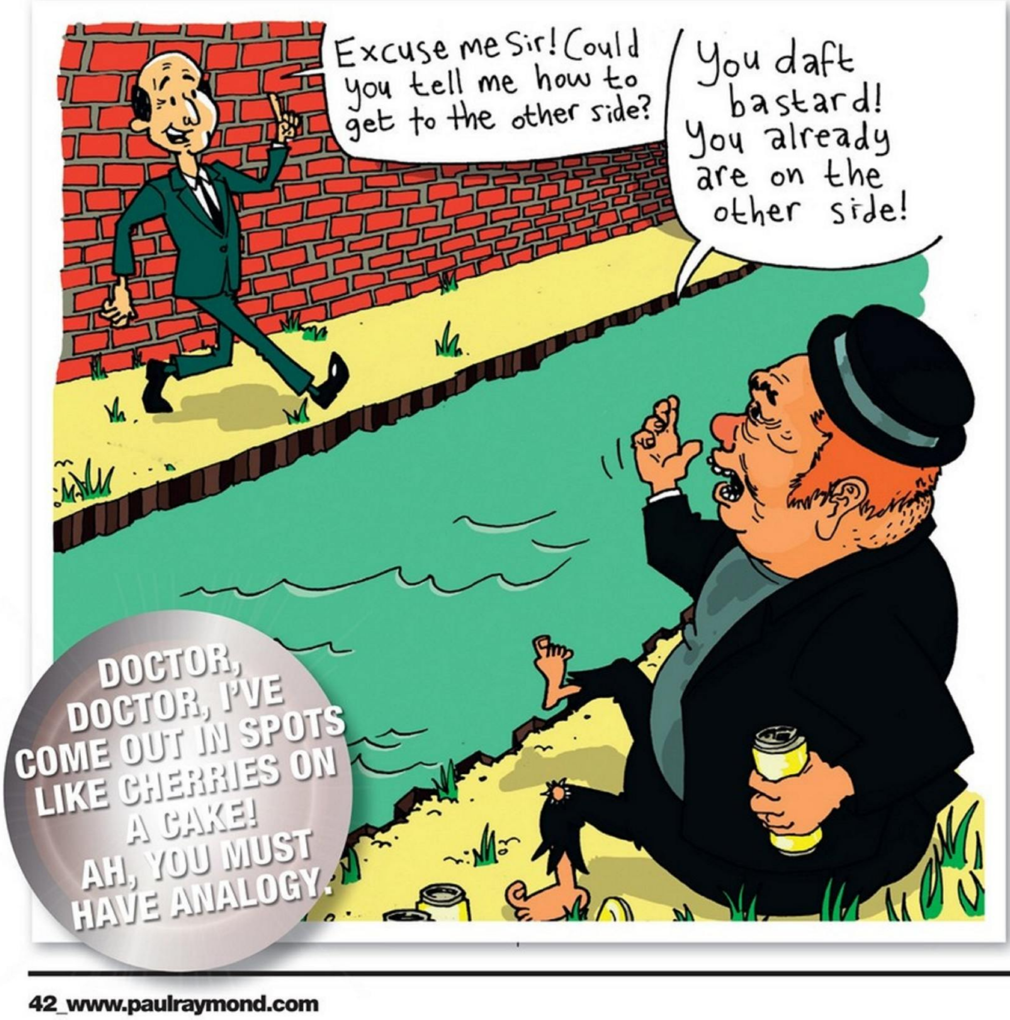
"Why did you leave Essex?" the manager asks.

"Sir, there's nothing but whores and footballers there."

"Oh really?" says the manager. "My wife is from Essex!"

"No shit!" the boy replies. "So who does she play for?"

Q: What's the longest sentence known to man? A: I Do


Excuse me Sir! Could you tell me how to get to the other side?
You daft bastard! You already are on the other side!

DOCTOR, DOCTOR, I'VE COME OUT IN SPOTS LIKE CHERRIES ON A CAKE! AH, YOU MUST HAVE ANALOGY.

When NASA started sending up astronauts, they quickly discovered that ballpoint pens would not work at zero gravity.

To combat the problem, NASA scientists spent a decade and $12 billion developing a pen that wrote at zero gravity, upside down, underwater, on almost any surface including glass and at temperatures ranging from below freezing to 300C. The Russians used a pencil.

A man and a friend are playing golf one day at their local golf course. One of the guys is about to chip onto the green when he sees a long funeral procession on the road next to the course. He stops in mid-swing, takes off his golf cap, closes his eyes, and bows down in prayer.

His friend says: "Wow, that is the most thoughtful and touching thing I have ever seen. You truly are a kind man."

The man then replies: "Yeah, well we were married 35 years."

This woman rushes to see her doctor, looking very worried and all strung out. She rattles off: "Doctor, take a look at me. When I woke up this morning, I looked at myself in the mirror and saw my hair all wiry and frazzled up, my skin was all wrinkled and pasty, my eyes were bloodshot and bugging out, and I had this corpse-like look on my face! What's WRONG with me, Doctor?!"

The doctor looks her over for a couple of minutes, then calmly says: "Well, I can tell you that there's nothing wrong with your eyesight."

A tortoise is walking down an alley in New York when he gets mugged by a gang of snails. A police detective comes to investigate and asks the tortoise if he can explain what happened.

The tortoise looks at the detective with a confused look on his face and replies, "I don't know, it all happened so fast…"

A doctor says to his patient, "I have bad news and worse news."

"Oh dear, what's the bad news?" asks the patient.

The doctor looks at his notes and says, "You only have 24 hours to live."

"That's terrible," says the patient. "How can the news possibly be worse?"

The doctor replies, "I've been trying to contact you since yesterday."

The shape of things to come

From glamour girls and movie stars to Page Three pin-ups and Lads' Mag lovelies – over the years *Mayfair* has featured them all. MATT LOXHAM takes a look back at some of the movers and the shakers, and the events that have helped make the magazine what it is today.

THIS MONTH: *The birth of British 'glamour'*

Mayfair was launched in 1966 by Fisk Publishing as a riposte to successful high-end titles such as *Playboy* and *Penthouse*, and during its tenure on the top-shelf has featured some of the most glamorous models – both famous and unknown – ever to pose naked on camera. Trends for different shapes and sizes have come and gone, but over time *Mayfair* has built a reputation for featuring girls with big breasts and hourglass figures; the curvaceous form that men loved when the magazine was launched almost 45 years ago.

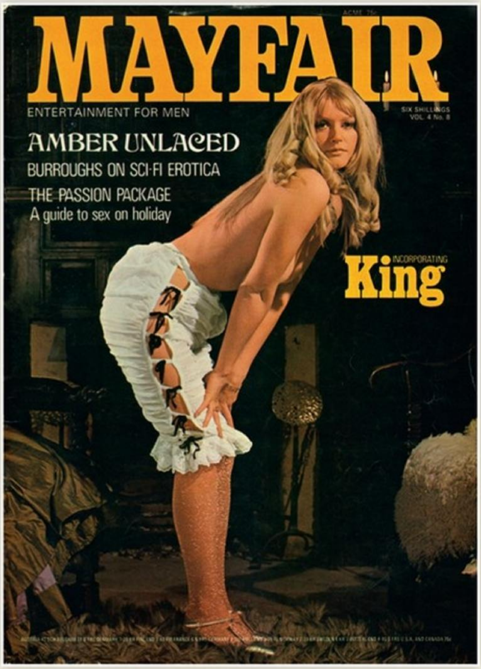
Much of this can be attributed to the early work of the legendary photographer and filmmaker, George Harrison-Marks. In 1957, along with partner and regular model, Pamela 'British Queen of the Curves' Green, he launched the hugely successful *Kamera* range, which featured beautifully photographed girls with shapely figures posing nude and in corsets and sexy underwear. The UK public had seen nothing like it before, and the magazines proved very popular. Indeed, the first issue of *Kamera* sold an impressive 150,000 copies.

Where 'glamour' had previously been associated with 'pin-up' photography featuring scantily clad movie stars such as Marilyn Monroe and Betty Grable, Harrison-Marks began using it to describe his work, and gradually in Britain the word came to refer to something much more revealing. Glamour now meant beautiful, curvaceous women posing completely naked, and *Mayfair* was more than happy to run with the popular new definition.

The cover of the very first issue featured no less than Raquel Welch, squeezed into a pink leotard, and the third boasted a feature on the famously voluptuous Norwegian beauty queen, Julie Ege. On the cover of that issue was a girl with a splendid cleavage and a shapely behind, her dignity barely covered by a towel.

By 1967, sales of the *Kamera* magazines were plummeting amidst the competition from the likes of *Penthouse*, *Playboy*, *King* (then published by Paul Raymond and soon to be taken over by *Mayfair*), and, of course, *Mayfair* itself. Harrison-Marks began focusing on harder content and Pamela Green wanted nothing to do with the more explicit material. *Kamera* folded.

Mayfair, on the other hand, was going from strength to strength. Girls who had helped define 'glamour' through their work with Harrison-Marks later came to appear in the magazine – models like Vicki Kennedy and even, eventually, the great June Palmer. In volume 4 issue 11 there was even a cover and pictorial devoted to Harrison-Marks and his photography, a nod towards the man who, along with Pamela Green and some truly gorgeous models, had smoothed the way for *Mayfair*'s success.



Pamela Green

With her perfect hourglass figure and movie star looks, Pamela Green is a genuine icon of early nude glamour modelling.

Not only did she co-found the *Kamera* magazines with Harrison-Marks, she also appeared in them on many occasions – indeed, Green is said to have been the one who encouraged Harrison-Marks to try his hand at nude photography.

Either as herself, or as one of her 'alter-egos' – the flame-haired Rita Landre (the inspiration for her role in the 1960 psychological thriller flick, *Peeping Tom*) or Princess Sonmar – Green appeared in countless publications, 8mm glamour movies, and one of the first ever British nudist films, *Naked as Nature Intended.*

After her split with Harrison-Marks, Pamela went on to marry the photographer Douglas Webb, for whom she continued to model nude.

June Palmer

June Palmer, or June Power, as she was also known, was possibly the most famous of the Harrison-Marks girls. Her breathtakingly curvaceous 38-23-27 figure understandably made her a hugely popular pin-up in the 1960s, both in Britain and the US.

Just like Pamela Green, Palmer was photographed and filmed for 8mm loops by Harrison-Marks, and, also like Green, came to represent British glamour.

After retiring from modelling in the late 60s, Palmer won minor parts in movies such as a 'Cavegirl' in British sexploitation flick *The Nine Ages of Nakedness* and a 'redhead prostitute' in the Hammer produced *Taste The Blood of Dracula* alongside Christopher Lee.

In 1977, aged 36, she made a brief return to modelling for *Mayfair*. The shoot was a huge hit with the readers, and was described on the cover as: 'The new, nude June Palmer. Britain's most successful model'.

Margaret Nolan

Using the pseudonym Vicki Kennedy, Margaret Nolan was another shapely girl who did much of her best modelling with Harrison-Marks.

However, after a successful stint featuring in his magazines and 8mm films, Margaret reverted to her birth name to pursue a career as an actress. The busty blonde starred in *A Hard Day's Night* with The Beatles and was the gold-painted girl in the opening credits to the Bond movie *Goldfinger*, and she also appeared in several *Carry On…* films. Surely not many men who have seen *Carry On Girls* will forget Margaret's appearance as Dawn Brakes when she sneezes and bursts the top two buttons of her swimsuit open, revealing her ample cleavage.

But far from being typecast because of her pin-up past, Nolan also established herself as a well-respected serious actress, appearing in live TV theatre productions such as ITV's *Play of the Week* and *Armchair Theatre*, and in several West End productions.

She returned to modelling for a now legendary appearance in *Mayfair* volume 15 issue 12.

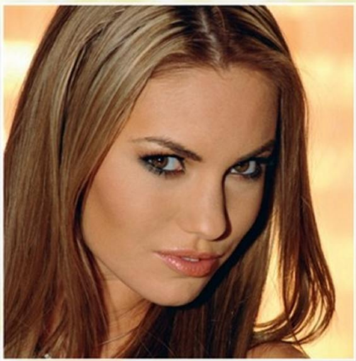
Next Month: *John Jesnor Lindsay and the stars of the 70s British sex comedies*

Have you a favourite Mayfair girl from yesteryear who you'd like to see revisited in the magazine? Send your model memories and musings to:
Mayfair, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London EC1V 9NR
or email us at: mayfair@paulraymond.com

Ronnie

Age: 21 **Vital Stats:** 32B-23-32
Photographer: DDF

We'll say this much for the new Ed – he's got an (admittedly rheumy) eye for a cute new face! When Ronnie here pitched up for this shoot you could hardly hear yourself think for the sound of jaws hitting the floor all around her! And then, when she emerged from the changing room all dolled up in that frilly lingerie – well, let's just say not much more work got done round here that afternoon! Isn't she fabulous? To be honest, we were half inclined to ask her not to strip off at all, and just lounge about in those undies all day, but in the end needs must, and eventually, slowly and alluringly, off came the frillies. Well, it's not all just about having fun round here, you know!



Ronnie

MAYFAIR

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YOU WILL OBEY!
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FOR DAILY INSTRUCTIONS
LISTEN TO... NETTA'S 1ST GANG BANG
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REAL GIRLS 0909 534 7485
TWO GIRLS PLAY FISH FINGERS 0909 854 6431
TIT WANKS 0909 854 6432
NAUGHTY 40
PLAY WITH GINA'S SAGGY TITS
0909 934 3409
LEARN AND PLAY!
0909 534 7834
SEXY GIRLS WHO LOVE TO SUCK, LICK & FUCK
0909 934 3411
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0909 534 6700
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SLAVE STORIES
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KissTel, helpline 0844 561 6410. 0909 534 calls cost 60p/min. Callers must be 18 years of age or older and be the bill payer, or have permission. 0909 854/934 Calls cost £1/min. 0909 771 Calls cost £1.50/min. Callers must be 18 years of age or older and be the bill payer, or have permission Live calls recd sms pictures cost £1.50 (if requested) Credit card calls cost from 50p/min & FREE Recorded mins when you access certain live CC services. SMS messages cost £1.50. Some replies may be up to 2 messages long (£3.00) standard mobile changes may also apply for messages sent to this entertainment services. To stop this services text STOP to 89885, Promotional messages may be sent.

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18+
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WANK
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EVER
18+
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934 4524

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18+ TEENS CAN'T GET ENOUGH COCK! WANK WITH THEM LIVE!
ON YOUR CARD
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0909 771 2317

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Cum eating sluts NEED cock apply here

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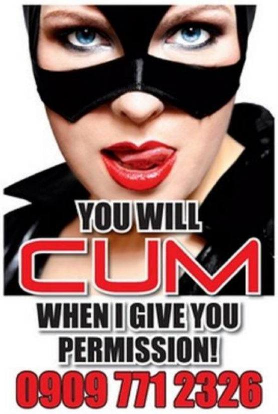
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WHEN I GIVE YOU PERMISSION!
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Strip
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JUST CALL AND ENJOY A DIRTY WANK ANYTIME!
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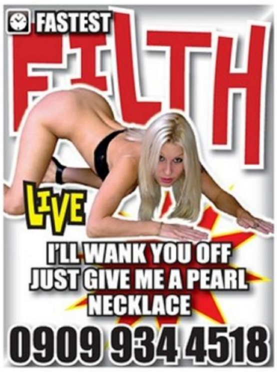
FASTEST
FILTH
LIVE
I'LL WANK YOU OFF JUST GIVE ME A PEARL NECKLACE
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CUNT LICKING
24/7 LIVE
MAKE YOUR CALL NOW
0909 771 2399

Light Up & Lick
MY CUNT
0909 934 4519

BEND ME OVER
0909 934 4520
LIVE
TEXT SPUNK TO 89885

I'LL SIT ON YOUR COCK
AND PLAY WITH MY FAT CUNT LIPS JUST CALL ME NOW!
0909 771 2381

I want to be fucked hard over the phone in front of my old man!

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GRANNIES

Let Granny get down on all fours & take it hard

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Granny will let you
CUM DEEP INSIDE HER WET OLD TWAT!
0909 771 2315

HAIRY

SLAM MY HAIRY CUNT
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XXX DIRTY

DIRTY NASTY PHONE SLUTS!
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LIVE CHAT
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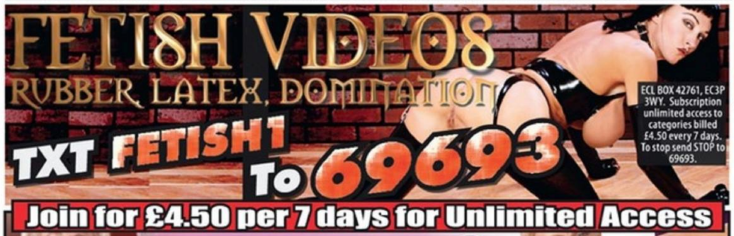

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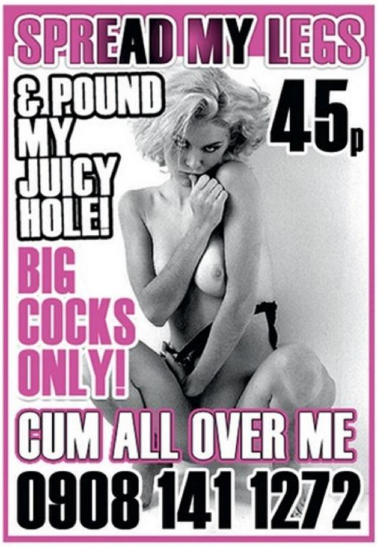
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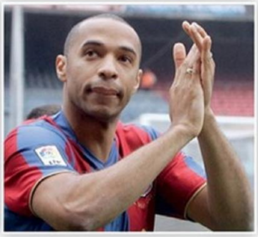
Six of the best... Sports Cheats

What with rugby players chomping on blood capsules so they can get taken off and a cracking new 'Hand of God' coming to the aid of France, cheating's all the rage again! TRISTRAM SMITH picks his all time faves...

1 • Thierry Henry



Well I guess I ought to kick (oh alright, 'hand') things off with the one on everyone's lips these days – Thierry Henry's utterly blatant double handball that helped consign poor, plucky Ireland to the spectators' bench for next year's World Cup. Not only did the former Arsenal marksman put his hand up (sorry) to the misdemeanour as soon was the game was over – he was soon joining the clamour for a rematch, in some (totally vain) attempt to revive his fair play credentials after the event! Let's hope the Barcelona striker doesn't score the most goals of the World Cup this summer – seeing him presented with the golden boot would be far too galling. Maybe a golden glove, though…

2 • Donald Crowhurst

We all did it in Cross Country at school – sneaking off about a third of the way into the route and hiding, before rejoining the main pack of clapped out runners as they came trudging past on their way back to the start/finishing line. That, in essence, was Crowhurst's great wheeze when he set off in 1968 to take part in the Sunday Times Golden Globe Race, a time trial event for yachtsman to sail single-handedly, and non-stop, around the globe. Fatally ill-equipped and inexperienced, Crowhurst soon found himself running out of puff, as it were, and once he got to the South Atlantic it was obvious he couldn't go on. Instead of throwing in the towel, though, he decided to hang about and send misleading radio messages about his whereabouts, before subsequently heading home ahead of the boats that would in due course re-enter the South Atlantic after rounding Cape Horn! Unfortunately it all went thoroughly tits up, when Nigel Tetley, who really was winning the race, heard that Crowhurst was ahead of him and pushed his boat so hard in an attempt to catch him that it broke up, leaving Tetley requiring rescue and, as it happened, homeless. Hearing this, Crowhurst went round the bend and is thought to have jumped overboard to his death. As the teachers at Cross Country used to say, cheats rarely prosper.

3 • Spain's Paralympic Team of 2000

Every country seems to se the Olympics as little more than an opportunity to bolster national pride by bagging as many medals as possible – even if it's in high-tech sports like cycling which most of the world's poorer countries wouldn't stand snowball's chance in hell of matching. Ahem, anyway, this quest for gold at all costs is, according to one way of thinking, what the Olympics are all about – and the Paralympics too, of course – but things got a wee bit out of hand back in 2000, when Spain managed to bag the gold for basketball. Of course we're all for Paralympians getting to the top of their chosen sport – as long as they actually are Paralympians! It turned out that no fewer than 10 of the 12 men in the triumphant team suffered from no kind of disability whatsoever! Other members of Spain's Olympic squad turned out to be in the same boat, too, in revelations which, despite the initial medal count, really did nothing at all for Spain's sense of national pride.

4 • WG Grace

For a sport famed for its sense of fair play, cricket's nonetheless produced a good few examples of underhand tactics, from the relatively innocuous, like Mike Atherton's pocket full of dirt, to the staggeringly brazen such as Hansie Kronje match-fixing (although is losing on purpose actually cheating, I wonder…?). However, top marks have to go to The Doctor, William Gilbert Grace of Gloucester and England, who in his ludicrously long career probably did more to popularise the game than anyone else. Let's face it, it take's a certain amount of neck to, having been clean bowled first ball, calmly turn round, re-make your wicket, and carry on batting as if nothing untoward had happened at all! And it wasn't like he needed the runs or anything – Grace terrorised bowlers up and down the land with his usually impregnable technique, so he surely owed them a golden duck or two. And then, of course, there was the way he got paid far more as an 'amateur' than the pros…

5 • Ben Johnson

For a cheat of any sort to be worth his salt, he's got to think there's some chance he might get away with it. Alright, so Henry got clocked by countless cameras when he committed his misdemeanour, but hey – who's going to the World Cup anyway?! When it comes to getting away with it, though, Ben Johnson seemingly couldn't have given a stuff. Not only did he look – even to the untrained eye – like he was pumped full of something a lot more potent than adrenalin when he romped home in the 1988 Olympics 100m – he also carelessly smashed his own world record in the process. It came as a surprise to few when, three days later, it was announced that a urine sample had found traces of the anabolic steroid Stanozolol, and Johnson was stripped of his gold and sent off into years of ignominy. All, perhaps, a bit harsh, on reflection, when it turned out that most of his opponents were found to have used banned substances of one sort or another during their careers. Then again, he probably didn't do himself any favours by going on to advertise an energy drink called 'Cheetah".

6 • Diego Maradona

Last, but by no means least, is the one nobody in England is ever likely to forget in a hurry. Even the most prejudiced of Englishmen would have to admit that Maradona was the most gifted footballer of his generation – a fact underlined by the sublime second goal he scored against England in the 1986 World Cup Quarter Final during which he bested practically every member of the opposition's team before sliding the ball into the net – but then when it comes to gifts, the one given to Maradona not by nature but by the three officials that day when he bagged the first goal takes some beating! Simple statistics suggest that, at 5'5", Maradona might have struggled to get his head on a high ball that 6'1" Peter Shilton couldn't reach with his hand, but anyone with eyes in their heads could have seen that his noddle was nowhere the feckin' thing! Bitter? Well, despite the fact that Argentina went on to win the World Cup that year, but I like to think I'm over it now. Still, what a cheating little bastard, eh?

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Adrianna

Age: 29 **Vital Stats:** 32E-23-32
Photographer: RB Kane

It's not every day you get to meet a living legend, is it? – let alone watch one peel off her lacy undies and pleasure herself in the bath! Still, Adrianna's not the sort to stand on formality, and if she's in the mood for a soapy fiddle she's not going to let our presence stop her! And we wouldn't have her any other way. Some girls start getting big-headed after they've been modelling for a few years, but Adrianna's as down to earth as the day she was born – and frequently as naked! We're firm believers that just because a girl's playing with herself in the bath it doesn't mean she can't be a proper lady, and Adrianna's one of the finest improper proper ladies there is!

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Quest

Well that's it for another year – so it's time for our highlights package! Best bunk-ups of the year, here we come!

Name: Gary
Age: 27
Occupation: Salesman

My best fuck of 2009 was definitely the holiday fling I had back in September. Me and a few of the guys from work shot out to Ibiza on a cheap last-minute package holiday for a bit of fun in the sun. I'm 27 and the rest of the lads are between 25 and 30 (and single – strangely enough none of the married ones could wangle the trip!), so you can imagine we were out on it pretty much the whole time – boozing it up in the evenings, hitting the clubs and lazing on the beach during the day. All in all, it was a good lad's holiday.

The rest of the boys had all got lucky on the first night, and though I'd chatted up a few girls, and had a bit of a kiss with a couple on the dance floor, I'd had nothing more than that. With all these fit birds wearing next to nothing on the beach, and not a great deal more in the clubs, I was gagging for it.

On the third day I was feeling pretty hungover and decided to leave the lads to their all-day drinking session and hang around the hotel. I went downstairs for a spot of lunch, and ended up chatting to this fit little blonde babe, called Caroline. She was on her own too, having left her mates to go shopping, so we had lunch together. We really hit it off, but just when I was building up the courage to ask her out for a drink that night, her friends showed up and dragged her off.

Anyway, I went out with the lads that night, obviously hoping I might bump into Caroline while we were out, but it didn't look like I was going to have any luck. We went from one bar to another, and I kept an eye out avidly, but I'd pretty well given up by the time we hit the fifth bar. As I tucked into my beer, though, I suddenly felt a hand on my waist, and spun round to see Caroline.

"Hi," she said. "I've managed to ditch my mates, but they're not far behind. You'd better take me back to the hotel and fuck me now, before they catch up!"

I was absolutely gob-smacked! I hadn't taken her for the forceful type, but I wasn't going to say no. I grabbed her hand and darted for the door. We were back at her hotel room in minutes, and before I'd even managed to lock the door behind us she'd ditched her little black dress and was standing there in just her little red bra and knickers. She literally dragged me over to the bed and threw me onto my back. She jumped on top of me and kissed me, thrusting her tongue deep into my mouth as she unbuttoned my shirt. I reached up and released the clasp on her bra, yanking it off to expose her full, bouncy tits. I started to pinch and pull on her hard little nipples, making her groan with pleasure and then was she crawling down my body, kissing and licking my chest and stomach.

> **"She licked my balls before lowering her welcoming mouth onto my hard dick."**

She deftly undid my belt, then unzipped my fly, pulling my trousers and pants down my legs. My cock was so hard it was actually aching, and I thought I was going to shoot my bolt straight away when she took it in her hands and slowly started wanking me. Luckily I managed to hold off, as she licked my balls, before lowering her welcoming mouth onto my hard dick.

Up and down her head went, her tongue working round the shaft in circles as she wanked and sucked me. It was the most incredible blow-job I've ever had – and it was over far too quickly! Not my fault, though, as she suddenly stopped, clambered back up my body and whispered in a husky voice, "My turn!" She then pulled the gusset of those sexy red knickers to one side and planted her soaking pussy down onto my mouth.

She was so wet, and her pussy was hot and tasted sweet – something like peaches. I lapped away furiously, working my tongue all over her tight little pussy lips, dipping my tongue deep into her hole. She seemed to like this, and yelped each time I did it, so I made my tongue as hard and pointed as I could and literally fucked her with it, moving my head from side to side to rub my nose against her clit. This really got her going until she was bucking and writhing, rubbing herself off against my face. I could feel her pussy muscles starting to throb and shudder and I thought she was about to come when she suddenly jumped up again, moved back down my body, and lowered her hot sex onto my hard, waiting dick. I slipped into her with ease, and she lowered herself all the way down until I could feel her buttocks squashing my balls.

She was so tight it felt incredible, and she quickly started to lift herself up and down, rising and falling as my dick slid in and out of her soaking hole. I thrust up to meet her every bounce, and we quickly built up to a fast pace. My dick was aching again, as she moaned and squealed with every thrust. Her pussy muscles started to contract once more, and finally I could hold on no longer, banging into her with two final, energetic thrusts as she came hard and I shot jet after jet of spunk right up into her hot, wet hole.

We both lay there for a second, panting and breathing heavily, and I was still trying to take it all in. She'd been so up for it, I still had my shoes on! She then climbed back off me and worked her way down my body again, taking my dick in her mouth and sucking off all the jizz and pussy juice. Amazingly after just a few minutes she'd sucked me back to full hardness, and we spent the rest of the night fucking in more positions than I even knew existed. It was awesome!

Not only was that my best fuck of 2009, I'm pretty sure it was the best of my life. And best of all, I found out that she only lives 30 minutes drive from me back in England, so I've been able to relive the experience every weekend since I got home.

Name: Karen
Age: 23
Occupation: Receptionist

Without a shadow of a doubt, the best fuck of 2009 for me was the first time I got together with Ryan. I've always been pretty adventurous when it comes to sex, but what I've been getting up to with Ryan has really taken things to a whole new level!

I work on the reception at a well-known advertising company in London, and Ryan is a motorbike courier who delivers things to us pretty regularly, so we got pretty friendly over time. He isn't like your typical courier though – his hair was short and he was always very polite to me. I liked him at once, and it wasn't long before I started to think what it might be like to fuck him. One afternoon, as we were chatting, he suddenly looked at me and asked if I fancied going out with him some time. Trying not to look too keen, I said I would and we arranged a date for the following Wednesday. "Take me somewhere special," I said. Well, he certainly did that!

On the Wednesday Ryan picked me up after work and we went for a few drinks in a little bar nearby. Then we had something to eat and drank a couple of nice bottles of red, before it was time to move on. "Where are we going?" I asked excitedly. I'd already decided that I really did like this guy and I did want to fuck him. "Somewhere special," he said cryptically. I was really intrigued.

We jumped in a cab and Ryan gave the driver instructions. Off we sped, heading eastwards to a part of town that I really didn't know. Eventually we

made it to a weird area, a suburban street with no more than 20 houses leading down a cul-de-sac. We pulled up outside the very last house and Ryan smiled. "Here we are," he said.

"Where?" I asked, inquisitively, but Ryan simply laughed and ushered me inside.

The house's interior looked like the set of Moulin Rouge or something, all sumptuous velour and velvet. It was gorgeous.

"Come with me," said Ryan. He obviously knew plenty of the people in the house as they all nodded and smiled as we headed for one of the bedrooms. By now my pussy was dripping wet at the thought of what might be about to happen. This was so unusual, like nothing I'd experienced before, and I was really turned-on!

Once inside one of these beautiful rooms, Ryan laid me down gently on the bed. "I would really like to get naked with you," he said. "If that's OK with you." It was so OK that my panties were absolutely soaking beneath my mini-skirt. I said nothing, but threw myself back on the luxurious bed and kicked my shoes off. I slipped my panties over my knees and threw them to the floor, then hitched up my skirt and spread my legs so that my wet pussy was there, waiting for him. Ryan got down on all fours at the bottom of the bed, then pulled my legs towards him, buried his head between them and started to give the most incredible head I've ever experienced. He seemed to be so focused on eating out my pussy like no-one had ever eaten it out before that he didn't even seem to care about using his dick on me. I was getting so much pleasure that I wasn't thinking about cock at all. His expert tongue teased and tickled my labia, darted deep inside my hole and probed around my clit relentlessly, making me writhe in ecstasy in a way I'd never thought possible!

It must have been half an hour and a good three or four orgasms later when Ryan finally pulled his tongue away from my dripping slit, then slipped out of his trousers and pants to reveal a big, thick and very nice-looking hard-on. How he had managed to concentrate on anything else with that thing throbbing away in his trousers for the previous half hour I'll never know!

"Do you mind if I…?" he started. By way of an answer I flipped over on the bed, then took his cock to guide it deep into my pussy. I've always loved it doggy-style and Ryan's dick slid in easily right to the hilt. He held it there for a few seconds, as if to check that I was OK, then started to pump in and out in a slow, rhythmic motion. I was loving the feeling of his hot meat inside my love hole and started to groan and moan as he upped the pace.

> "His expert tongue teased and tickled my labia and probed round my clit relentlessly…"

'He's coming!' I thought, but it turned out Ryan had a lot more tricks up his sleeve than just his oral skills! After ramming into me furiously until I reached another shattering climax he slowed the pace again, taking things easy for a while as my tingling clit recovered.

He did this a couple more times before he finally abandoned himself, and grunted that he was about to come.

"Not inside me," I managed to gasp. "I want it all over my face." I'm one of those girls who loves the sight, smell and taste of come and I didn't want to waste a single drop. Ryan slipped out as I lay back on the bed and with a couple of quick strokes he shot a wad of hot, sticky man-juice all over me. The taste was gorgeous. I couldn't get enough and greedily lapped it up while smearing jizz over my rock-hard nipples.

"What is this place?" I gasped when I'd finally managed to get my breath back.

"Just somewhere where like-minded people get together," he smiled. "There are other people who like the same things that you and I do. I could tell from the minute I met you that you were adventurous. I have a sixth sense about things like that. Here you can be yourself, with me or with some other people, if you know what I mean."

"I think I do know what you mean!" I giggled. This man had the uncanny ability to know exactly what I was thinking and feeling. "Let's go and meet some of the ladies I saw when we walked in," I said. We did, and what followed was probably my second best fuck of 2009!

Name: **Helen**
Age: **32**
Occupation: **Pharmaceutical Rep**

Richard is a rare thing in my line of work, a good looking, horny, young man. I'm a rep for a pharmaceutical company and the majority of my time is spent on the road, travelling up and down the country to Hospitals and Universities, trying to convince people of the value of my company's latest treatments. Most of the time I see professors or consultants, none of whom are young bucks. Or else I'm presenting to research assistants, who almost always turn out to be women.

And then one day, back in September, I met Richard. He worked in a London college as a research assistant, or so I thought. When I initially met this tall, slim, sexy young man, he welcomed me into the professor's office with a smile and an apology; the prof had been called away and he'd be standing in for him. Naturally, I assumed he was an assistant because whenever a professor didn't want to see yet another drug rep they would get an assistant to do it for them. So I went through my veiled sales pitch as usual, but Richard's attention was directed far from the words I was saying. His eyes were all over me, a gentle smile on his lips, not the least bit hidden behind a raised finger.

When I finished, the first thing he said was, "What are you doing after this?" Well that caught me off guard! "Can I buy you a drink?"

I looked him up and down, thought about it for, oh, all of two seconds, and said yes. At that moment I knew I was going to sleep with this man.

Richard knew it too, or at least he didn't try to hide the fact that he had no interest in what I was trying to sell him. "If you've finished your presentation, I'd say you'd finished working. So what's your poison?" he asked.

He took me to a bar ten minutes drive from the college, but we didn't stay there long. Of course, Richard's flat was just around the corner, and of course I went back there with him.

Once through the door, there was no more pretence; we were all over each other. After running his hands all over my body, shoving me up against the wall and stuffing his tongue in my mouth, Richard took me by the hand and led me into the bedroom.

"Let me see that beautiful body," he murmured, sitting me down in his bed. I slipped off my jacket and began to slowly unbutton my blouse as he stood over me, watching my every move. "Amazing…" he whispered as I let my bra fall. When I stood up to take off my skirt he made me turn around and bend over, my legs straight, my bottom sticking right up at him. As I was peeling of my knickers, Richard sank to his knees and began to kiss and lick my buttocks, his fingers tracing up my thighs until they reached my pussy.

But he didn't touch it. His hands gripped my buttocks and his tongue found its way into my slit.

> "He was fucking me so hard I was babbling filth and I didn't have a clue what I was saying."

Richard licked up and down my snatch, wiggling his tongue until he had parted my labia and found my hole. To be honest, bent over like that, my hands on the bed and my feet together, was pretty uncomfortable, but what Richard's tongue was doing to me overrode my desire to change positions. It had been months since anyone had gone down on me – the last three fucks I'd had were all drunken affairs and lacking in any sort of elan. So I was in seventh heaven now that I had found a man who seemed to love eating pussy. Eventually, I had to collapse onto the bed just to relieve the strain of bending over like that, and I rolled over, expecting Richard to strip for me and fuck me, but he dived right onto the bed with me and buried his face between my thighs, his tongue probing me once more. He used his fingers to hold my labia open and licked me all over, grinding his thumb into my clit and fucking me with his tongue.

I could have lain there and let him eat me till I came, and he certainly had the talent to do that, but I actually wanted to come on a cock, so I told him to take off his clothes and fuck me properly.

Kneeling between my legs, Richard took off his shirt and trousers and I watched, mesmerised by his long, hard cock standing proud between us. Reaching up, I toyed with his sack and length, pulling on his penis and guiding it down towards my pussy. He eased himself in gently and began to fuck me with long, easy strokes, building up until he was literally hammering himself into me.

He was fucking me so hard that I was babbling filth and I didn't have a clue what I was saying, but whatever it was it certainly spurred him on. We rolled over until I was on top, but instead of me doing all the work Richard thrust himself up into me, deeper and harder, the sweat beading across his face. Then I felt my orgasm rushing up from my loins, bursting out of me as I shrieked at the top of my voice, and still Richard kept jamming his dick into me – until then I hadn't realised just how much I needed a good fucking.

If I thought it was going to be over then I was wrong. The truth is that if he wanted to kneel on my chest and stick his dick in my until he'd come down my throat I would have been more than happy to let him, but Richard wasn't finished with my pussy just yet.

He lifted me off him and quickly repositioned himself until he was behind me. Then he held fast to my hips, raised me up off the bed and slid right back inside me. A few, easy, gentle strokes later, Richard was back to top speed, fucking me hard and fast and asking me how much I liked it.

"I fucking love it!" I cried. "You're the best researcher I've ever fucked!"

"I'm not a researcher," he replied, casually. "I'm a lab tech."

Well to be honest he could have been a tramp at that moment in time and I would have sucked him dry – he really was that good a lay.

I came again, thrusting myself back onto him as hard as I could, and this brought Richard to climax – his hot seed filling me up just as much as his dick had.

We collapsed onto the bed and for a split second I considered chiding him for leading me on. But his dick was still hard, pressed up close to my thigh, and I thought maybe I should fuck him again one more time before I got mad!

And I did…

Next Month: 'SEX WITH A STRANGER'
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WorldMags

Mayfair **Movies**

Something for everyone this month, with both experience and exuberance rubbing shoulders with sex in prisons and an Academy where anything goes…

Alektra-Fied

Wicked Pictures/www.paulraymondpayperview.com

ALEKTRA-FIED
Wicked

Cast: Alektra Blue, Barrett Blade, Barry Scott, Brad Armstrong, Deep Threat, Jada Fire, Randy Spears, Tanya James, Tommy Gunn, Veronica Rayne

Alektra-Fied is Wicked Pictures' showcase for the many-faceted and multi-apertured Alektra Blue. It's important to state this at the outset. Otherwise, when you see her parked in the electric chair on Death Row, you might wonder what's going on, and whether the whole movie (which looks to be mighty short if she's about to be fried) is set in the pen.

Well no. This is just Alektra demonstrating her acting "range". In this first sequence she's a con taking it from two prison guards against Old Sparky, in another a woman in a short frock who enjoys bending over, and in another a young lady with no clothes on who doesn't mind being shoved onto her knees and sucking whatever gets rammed in her mouth.

It must be admitted that even though I am outspokenly adverse to the death penalty (so long as we aren't working it off the list of names I've had drawn up for years) watching Alektra getting screwed in the electric chair was surprisingly thrilling… though it's true that all the eye-rolling I found so sexy may well have been due to the current.

Another vaguely electrically-themed scene (note the pun in the title) finds Alektra portraying a lesbian cheerleader type having sex with Tanya James on a lighted neon sign, while a particularly effective sequence discovers her all done up as the Bride of Frankenstein, complete with frizzy grey-streaked hair, re-animated and ready for rogering in the good doctor's lab.

Director Brad Armstrong plays Victor, albeit with a hump in the crutch of his trousers reminiscent of the one on Igor's back. But no red-blooded man could blame him. Only robots or an android might. Alektra is spectacular. She loves to fuck, and when she does, she does it so beautifully it almost brings tears to the eye. It surely says something that she can make such a ludicrous scenario as Victor Frankenstein knobbing his creation's bride occasion sexual excitement, and not just great peals of laughter.

The only problem is that, after watching this scene a few times, I've lost interest in women without bolts in their necks.

★★★★☆

When Ginger Met Nina

Triangle Films

GINGER LYNN
NINA HARTLEY
When Ginger Met Nina
TRIANGLE

Cast: Ginger Lynn, Nina Hartley, Dana DeArmond, Melissa Monet

To be fair, and not to mislead, it's been donkey's years since still-lovely lust legend Nina could be accurately described as a "girl", but she can still enchant the human phallus with an effortless intensity which would put many of the young ladies of adult to shame (if they knew what that was). Even if by this point Nina's only a few years away from crossing her stockinged legs seductively but stiffly on an ascending Stairmaster.

Joining her – also from the mists of porno prehistory – is 1980s shag-flick icon Ginger Lynn. Ginger, who must have guzzled gallons of jizz back in the day, can also still walk unaided and has lost none of her sexual know-how to age-related memory problems.

Perhaps painfully aware of the brevity of human existence, the pair never tarry, getting stuck into each other immediately but tempering their fucking, which progresses from snogging and eating each other to arse-licking and strap-on fun, with a giggly naturalness which renders their antics more accurately describable as "lovemaking". Well done ladies.

Now, whilst most women Nina's age might need to go for a nice nap afterwards, Miss Hartley instead seeks out dollybird Dana DeArmond, who's seemingly now employed as a functionary in a hotel. Nina accompanies her on a tour of the rooms before shedding all her togs and shoving Dana down on a bed. At first Dana is thunderstruck to have someone sit on her face (I always remember my own astonishment, that first night in prison). Then out flicks Dana's tongue and suddenly Nina is writhing about on the younger dame's face, shouting the odds and coming off like a loon in a masturbation madhouse.

Melissa Monet is yet another enduring performer who needs no introduction; why many of her pictures still hang in the Louvre. After Ginger Lynn (presumably refreshed by a custard cream, a cuppa, and a nap in front of *Countdown*) gets a grip of her, both women end up with their limbs inextricably tangled in a sticky bi-curious mess.

In an industry obsessed with the hottest new girls on the scene, *When Ginger Met Nina* is a much-needed nod to the merits of experience.

★★★☆☆

Scream: Riley Steele

Digital Playground

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND
RILEY STEELE
SCREAM
WITH STOYA

Cast: Riley Steele, Stoya, Alexis Texas, Ben English, Carmen McCarthy, Danny Mountain, Erik Everhard, Evan Stone, Kelly Divine, Madison Ivy

Dreamy Digital Playground contract hussy Riley Steele and her brunette chum Stoya head up a striking cast of genital thespians in this porno horror feature which, happily, has so much hardcore sex crammed in that there's barely room for the small hairs on the backs of anyone's neck to stand up.

The action kicks off with Stoya's boyfriend whimpering in terror when asked to fetch a pizza, lest a monster get him if he steps outside. Riley and Stoya chuckle at his pantywaist fears, only to become hysterical a few minutes later when the windows start rattling and word reaches them of an escaped mental patient running amok around the neighbourhood. In their terror, they turn for emotional and physical comfort to Erik Everhard, who opens his Y-fronts and stakes them both out like a couple of vampires of the sort you impale with a bratwurst in the twat. It's not all easy sailing for him, however, as Stoya won't lie down flat and behave herself until she has been the double-adaptor in a three-way and ridden Erik cowgirl, ranch-hand, and livery operative. She also insists on sharing his spuzz with her chum.

Other erotic highlights of a well-produced and entertaining film include Ben English telling the delectable Madison Ivy a hellish scary tale to frighten her into submissive mood before getting his leg and, spider-like, a few other spare limbs, over her, too.

A great flick winds up with Alexis Texas, Carmen McCarthy, Riley Steele, and Ben English in a heap, after another spooky story and someone jumping up from behind the couch scares them all into a terrified impromptu orgy.

★★★★☆

Teachers Digital Playground

DP DIGITAL PLAYGROUND
2 DISC DVD SET
TEACHERS

Cast: Riley Steele, Stoya, Alexis Texas, Ben English, Carmen McCarthy, Danny Mountain, Erik Everhard, Evan Stone, Kelly Divine, Madison Ivy

With a student intake consisting almost exclusively of American pornstars and a staff featuring numerous cocksmen and big-titted sluts, if there was ever going to be a hardcore porn happening in a place of higher-education then it was always going to be here, at Fillmore Bush Academy.

Indeed, I wonder if this is what adult performers mean when they say in interviews that they're 'going back to school'. Quite what qualifications the likes of Angelina Armani, Jesse Jane, Stoya and Katsuni are studying for is unclear, but who cares when they're having so much fun licking, sucking and fucking for our viewing pleasure? Certainly not us.

The plot surrounds some kind of magic diary going missing and the girls trying to get it back, but in the name of trying to keep this review interesting, we're going to focus solely on the many scenes of hardcore screwing that occur throughout this double-disc shag marathon.

First up is chesty blonde babe, Jesse Jane. She's bunking off gym class and loitering in the changing rooms when 'Coach' Tommy Gunn wanders in. Threatened with expulsion, she sucks him off before slipping onto his cock for a standing fuck. Suddenly, Jesse is star pupil.

Big-boobed receptionist Lisa Ann bounces on Scott Nails's dick right there on her desk, her bumper chest jiggling in an eye-catching fashion, and then we join Evan Stone for some good old sex education with Stoya and Jenna Haze. To be honest, I don't think they really needed it, as in no time they're taking it in turns to straddle his throbbing prick and humping it like people who have definitely done this sort of thing before.

Quite honestly, the girls in this movie all look absolutely incredible, and the action is very much of the 'high-octane' variety, and as the mind-bogglingly sexy duo of Riley Steele and Katsuni set about James Deen's tumescent middle stump it becomes apparent that this is porn from the very top-drawer, particularly as this scene is followed immediately by the equally fantastic double team of Angelina Valentine and Mason Moore pairing up for a crack at Erik Everhard's willing weapon.

Destined for great things, top-of-the-class, graduating with honours… Happily for a lazy reviewer like me, with *Teachers* all the terrible puns apply.

★★★★★

Nella

Age: 24 **Vital Stats:** 32B-23-34
Photographer: VLT

Nella's got the sort of bum to keep a chap awake at night when she turns over and wriggles it up against your thigh as she's dropping off… ahem, at least we'd imagine it would! And apparently she thinks it's all down to horse riding! It seems that when she was younger she was a pretty keen horsewoman, and she's convinced that all that jiggling up and down on her pony contributed to those glorious glutes of hers. We're not so sure, although we'd certainly like to see her in a pair of jodhpurs. And in the meanwhile, if she finds herself short of anything to bounce up and down on, we're pretty sure we could offer her a suitable mount…

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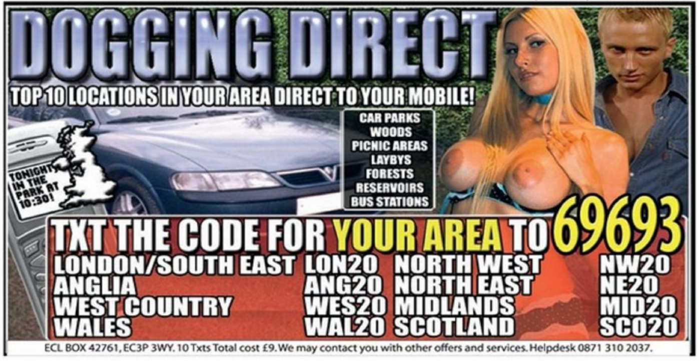
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Box50285. EC3P 3WY. subscription service ,unlimited access billed £4.50 every 7 days, to stop send STOP to 69693. Helpdesk: 0845 042 0508

60p
LET ME PUNISH YOU!
09828 555-503

Box50285. EC3P 3WY. 60p/min. Calls recorded.Helpdesk:0845 042 0508

FUCK Me From Behind
LIVE Video Call:69022
FROM 60p
Mobile:69777
09830 222 216

XXX Movie
Text:PORN9 To:69693
Join for £4.50 per 7 days for Unlimited Access

GRANNY MOVIE!
TO RECEIVE YOUR XXX MOVIE & ACCESS TO OUR VIDEOS & PHOTOS
TEXT GRANN TO 69693
Join for £4.50 per 7 days for Unlimited Access

Box50285. EC3P 3WY. 09830:60p/min.69777 £1/min. Movies 69693: subscription service,unlimited access billed £4.50 every 7 days, to stop send STOP to 69693. 69022: 3G handset required,£1.50/min. We may contact you with other offers/services.Helpdesk: 0845 042 0508

LIVE GIRLS FRIGGING THEIR CUNTS AT WWW.CAMBABESUK.COM

18 & WANT TO CREAM
HOT JUST LEGAL PUSSY
COCK WANK OFF LINES
LET OUR TEENS FUCK YOU
NAIVE & VERY DIRTY
45p
0908 140 2477
TEEN CUNT FILTH

lets get pissed
THEN I'LL LET YOU FUCK ME
I'M SO EASY
45p
DRUNK TEEN 18+ SLAGS
0909 140 2490

45p
DISGUSTING OLD SLAG NEEDS HER CUNT FILLING IN!
0908 140 2486

TEEN WANK 18+
BARELY LEGAL!
FRIGGING FOR YOU LIVE!
35p
0982 505 0172

I WILL FRIGG MY TINY CUNT while YOU WANK FOR ME
CALL 0908 140 2478
45p

94 YEAR OLD GRANNY
WELCOMES ANY COCK SHE CAN GET
SHE FINGERS HER TIRED OLD CUNT JUST WAITING FOR MEN WHO JUST NEED A GOOD FUCK
45p
0908 140 2587

dirty teens 18+
TIGHT LITTLE PUSSYS
& FIRM BODIES
ON THEIR BACKS STRIPPED NAKED & READY FOR EXTREME SEX 24-7
45p
0908 140 2485

SLIDE IN ME
"EMPTY YOUR BALLS ALLOVER MY TIGHT LITTLE CUNT"
CLAIRE
LOVES BEING FUCKED REALLY REALLY ROUGH
SHE ONCE LET THREE BUILDERS TAKE TURNS TO FUCK HER PUSSY & FACE WHILE THEY DID WORK TO HER HOUSE
0909 464 4276

DISGUSTING GRANNIES FUCKING
DIRTY SHAMELESS OAPS WHO LOVE SHAGGING
EXTEMRE HARDCORE GRANNY SEX
0909 616 2612

CHEAP AMAZING WANK OFF
WITH WHITNEY
SHE WILL HELP YOU EXPLODE YOUR LOAD IN SECS
45p
0908 140 2491

THRASH MY TWAT
WANK OFF WITH ME
HARD & ROUGH
45p
CALL ME 0909 140 2480

BARGAIN WANK
1P PER SEC
THE FASTEST CHEAPEST LOCAL SLAGS
0909 464 4278

I'M AN OLD SLUT WHO NEEDS A GOOD FUCK
SLIDE IN DEEP & ENJOY MY LOVELY FANNY
45p
CALL ME 0908 140 2489

OLD HOLES READY FOR ENTRY
SLIP INTO A SAGGY BUCKET
45p
0908 140 2479

ONLY 45p
LIE BACK UNZIP & WANK
I CAN HELP YOU CUM AS FAST AS YOU WANT
0908 140 2481

SLIDE IN GRANNY'S WARM TWAT
GRANNIES DO THE DIRTY
0909 616 2613

FANCY A 1/2 PRICE FUCK SESSION?
45p
LISA IS ON HER BACK READY FOR FILTHY SEX
0908 140 2483

GRANNY NEEDS YOUR COCK
USE HER OLD CREAMY MUFF FOR ALL YOUR SEXUAL DESIRES
45p
SHE IS GAGGING
0908 140 2482

LIVE SEX
PUSH IT IN HARD AND OPEN ME WIDE
i'm on my back ready for a dirty fuck!
0909 464 4279

LIVE SEX CHAT
45p
SUPER FAST UNLOAD
0908 140 2484

FINGERED DEEP
listen as she pleasures her moist pussy
EXTREME FINGERING
she'll suck her fingers clean after
0909 464 4277

READY TO FUCK ON THE PHONE
"TEAR OFF MY PANTIES"
35p
0982 505 0170

RIP OFF MY KNICKERS & UNLOAD INSIDE MY TIGHT CUNT
PUSH IT IN DEEP
0908 140 2488
45p

TEXT GIRLS WHO NEED A GOOD FUCK - SEND 'DATE' TO 69469

LiveLines UK Ltd PO6538 NN2 7YN. Help 0844 871 4497. 0909 897 & 0982 671 & 0909 464 Calls rec @ 60ppm. 0909 986 & 0909 616 Calls rec @ £1pm. 0909 640 & 0909 029 & 0909 699 Calls rec @ £1.50pm. 0908 145 & 0908 140 Calls rec @ 45ppm. 0909 864 & 0909 866 & 0982 505 Calls rec @ 35ppm. Mobile users may receive free promotional sms msgs.18 years old+ to use this service. You must have the bill payers permission. SMS cost £1.50 each to receive + standard network charges apply. To stop just text 'STOP' to 69469.

0909 200 11 33 to Eavesdrop

PHONE SEX LIVE!!!

from ONLY 25p

LIVE 1-2-1 SEX CHAT

Mobiles 69878

0909 868 0121

PHONE SEX WITH A GIRL WITHIN 30 SECONDS 18+

35p GIVE IT TO ME HARD

LIVE 1-2-1 SEX

Mobiles 69456

0909 868 0124

ALL THESE FILTHY CONFESSIONS ON ONE NUMBER!!

All For ONLY 35p

CONFESSIONS OF 18 YR VIRGIN/
BORED LONELY HOUSEWIFE/
TIGHT FIRST TIME/
GAY CONFESSION/
RUBBER CLAD LESBIAN/
CLOSET TRANSVESTITE/
SHE TAKES IT ALL/
OFFICE GIRL/ DOMINATION

LISTEN IN BY CALLING

0909 868 0125

TV & TS ONLY 35p

LIVE one-to-one SEX

0909 868 0126

MOBILE CALLERS 69456

Desperate Housewife only 35p

Sex LIVE 1-2-1

Mobiles call 69456

0909 868 0128

LEATHER CLAD BITCH NEEDS REAR ENTRY only 35p

Mobiles 69456 LIVE 1-2-1

0909 868 0127

Kinky Teen 18+

35p LIVE 1-2-1 SEX

0909 868 0129

Darkest Fetish
Live 1-2-1 Sex Chat

DOMS, SUBS really perverse service

CALL:
0909 868 0130

if you dare

Fetish text straight to your phone

35P BIG BOOBS

LIVE 1-2-1 Sex

Mobiles call 69456

0909 868 0139

NO Long & Boring Intro

35p

1-2-1 LIVE Sex

0909 868 0132

ONLY 35p NAUGHTY NURSE NEEDS ADULT BABY

SEX CHAT LIVE 1-2-1

Mobiles call 69456

0909 868 0134

GAY 10 REAL LIFE CONFESSIONS ON ONE LINE!!! 25p

Straight guys first time
Security guard takes you
Twin brothers
Taste my black
18+ college boy
Delivery boy and you
Explicit 1st time Gay sex
Taken on bus
Married straight guy first time gay sex
Skinhead sex party

0909 200 11 44

to hear ANY of the above

Stockings & Suspenders

ONLY 35p

LIVE 1-2-1 SEX

0909 868 0135

MOBILES 69456

GRANNY SEX 1-2-1

ONLY 35p /min LIVE

0909 868 0136

MISS STRICT DOMINATION

35P: 0909 868 0137

Rubber & Leather Specialist

LIVE 1-2-1 SEX

ONLY 35p

0909 868 0138

ADC PO Box 4039, M60 2YD. Calls recorded. 69456 = 100ppm, 09098 = 35ppm, 09092 = 25ppm. Over 18s only. Helpline 0844 848 1304. We may send free promotional messages.

from **60p** per min

NO LONG INTROS

LIVE SEX CHAT

PHONE CHAT Call **0909 942 7770**

MOBILE CHAT *cheaper than 0909!* Dial **89489**

TEXT CHAT txt **CUNT** to **79090**

PAY BY CARD AND GET FREE MINS > 0207 966 2186

GRANNY

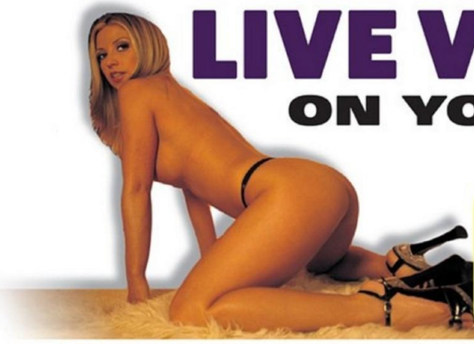
LIVE SEX

0909 105 1811

MOBILE 69808

VIDEO CHAT VIDEOCALL **89106**

FILTHY GRANNY STORIES > 0909 742 3178



LIVE VIDEO CHAT

ON YOUR MOBILE

VIDEO CALL

89106

DON'T HAVE A 3G PHONE?

TEXT **CLIMAX** *TO* **89994**

FETISH

LIVE SEX

0909 105 6441

Mobile callers **89489**

PERVERTED FETISH STORIES > 0909 742 3146

PAY BY CARD AND GET FREE MINS > 0207 966 1615

100% LIVE SEX

from **60p** per min

LOCAL TARTS	0909 105 2014
YOU + 2 GIRLS	0909 105 0336
ROLEPLAY SLUTS	0909 105 5163
DIRTY 40+ MILF	0909 105 2566
FAT FUCK	0909 105 3374
SUB SLAVES	0909 105 4157
QUICK WANK	0909 105 5629
S&M BITCHES	0909 105 4513
GAY / BI GUYS	0909 105 3051
FILTHY GIRLS	0909 942 7771

CREDIT CARD SAVE £££
0207 966 2185

MOBILE CALLERS
less than 0909! **89489**

DOMINATRIX

LIVE SEX

0909 105 3661

MOBILE *less than 0909!* **89489**

VIDEO CHAT *videocall* **89106**

PAY BY CARD AND GET FREE MINS > 0207 966 2205

18+

TEENS LIVE SEX

0909 105 2792

MOBILE CALLERS DIAL **89489**

VIDEO CHAT VIDEOCALL **89106**

DIRTY TEEN CONFESSIONS > 0909 742 4673

PAY BY CARD & GET FREE MINS!
>>0207 966 2204<<

LOCAL GIRLS

FOR ADULT FUN

LIVE

0909 105 2013

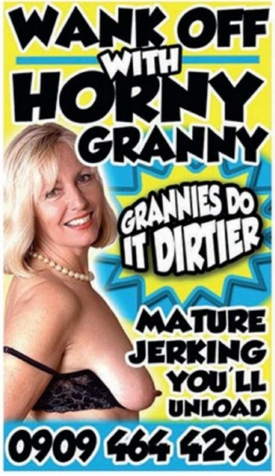
MOBILE 89881

TEXT CHAT TXT **NEAR69** + YOUR POSTCODE TO **79090**

PAY BY CARD AND GET FREE MINS > 0207 966 2209

ALL MODELS 18+ 18+ only. Call recorded. Bill payer's permission req. 0207=std call charges 0909 742=35p per min, 0909 942=60p per min, 0909 105= £1.00 per min from a BT landline, other networks may vary. 89881=£1.00 per min (N/A to 02 users) 89489=£1.00 per min 69808=£1.50 per min 89106=£2.00 per min & NO EXTRA NETWORK CHARGES. 89994 has a sign up cost of £4.50 with 3 minutes of videochat inclusive. We may contact you with occasional promotional messages but you can opt-out at anytime by texting STOP to 07786200018. 79090 is not a subscription service, £1.00 for replies (£3.00 payments & network charges apply) and first 3 contacts free, to terminate text STOP. CWL Helpdesk 0844 999 4499. 3G help-info@video121.com.

FUCK A PUSSY TODAY GIRLS READY TEXT 'DATE' TO 69469


WANK OFF WITH HORNY GRANNY

GRANNIES DO IT DIRTIER

MATURE JERKING YOU'LL UNLOAD

0909 464 4298

DIRTY DEPRAVED SORDID SHOCKING SEX FILTHY WHORES WHO WILL SHOCK YOUR MIND

35p

0982 505 0175

50 YEAR OLD SHARON

OLD BIRD

READY FOR DIRTY FILTHY FUCKING

0909 464 4292

AMAZING DIRTY SEX

GIRLS WHO LOVE A ROUGH PUMPING

SHOCKING SEX ACTION WITH LADIES WHO PREFER IT FAST & FILTHY

0909 464 4299

I'LL HELP YOU RELAX & CLIMAX

YOU'LL CUM LOADS LIKE NEVER BEFORE

0909 464 4285

MATURE BITCHES GAGGING FOR ROUGH SEX

0909 464 4287

BARGAIN WANK

THE FASTEST CHEAPEST LOCAL SLAGS READY TO MAKE YOU SPUNK FAST

1P PER SEC

CHEAP FUCK

RING 0909 464 4286

LISTEN TO ABI FINGER HER PUSSY JUST FOR YOU!

1P PER SEC

0909 464 4297

DIRTY SEX RELIEF WANK AND UNLOAD

CALL NOW!

"THE GIRLS OPENED MY EYES TO HARDCORE SEX, I'VE NEVER SPUNKED SO HARD!" GARY FROM SHEFFIELD

0909 464 4281

LET GRANNY GOBBLE YOU OFF

SHE'LL PUT ANYTHING IN HER MOUTH

SHE'LL EVEN LICK YOUR ASSHOLE

0909 464 4296

READY TO WANK ON THE PHONE

"TEAR OFF MY PANTIES"

0909 464 4289

18+ 'N' EAGER TO PLEASE

"listen to me frigg my wet teenage fanny"

35p

0982 505 0176

35p EXTREME HARDCORE SEX

INSTANT SEX RELIEF

0982 505 0173

GRANNY SEX

55+ YEAR OLD BUCKET CUNTS GAGGING FOR A GOOD HARD FUCKING

35p

0982 505 0177

WANK WITH ME

YOU'LL JUST LOVE IT!

0909 464 4282

RING, LISTEN & WANK

MARY'S AT HOME FINGERING HERSELF DEEP & DIRTY

SHE'LL SCREAM & CREAM AS SHE CLIMAXES

0909 464 4284

BETTY AGED 62 LOVES IT UP THE BUM

dIRTY gRAN ACTION

CALL gRANNY NOW

0909 464 4290

SCREW ME DEEP

SLAM IT IN MY WET PUSSY HARD TILL YOU EXPLODE YOUR CUM

0909 464 4291

1 MINUTE WANK LINE

BANGING RELIEF

UNLOAD RIGHT NOW

0909 464 4293

TEEN 18+ WANK

BARELY LEGAL!

FRIGGING FOR YOU LIVE!

0909 464 4294

PERVERTED SEX

35p

I'LL DO ANYTHING! (& ANYONE ANYWHERE) LISTEN TO ME FRIG ON THE PHONE NOW

0982 505 0174

FINGER ME DEEP

Wank like mad unload with a gush "best spunk off ever"

0909 464 4280

TEXT LOCAL GIRLS XXX FOR MUCH MORE + PICS ON YOUR MOB TEXT 'DATE' TO 69469

LiveLines UK Ltd PO6538 NN2 7YN. Help 0844 871 4497. 0909 897 & 0982 671 & 0909 464 Calls rec @ 60ppm. 0909 986 & 0909 616 Calls rec @ £1pm. 0909 640 & 0909 029 & 0909 699 Calls rec @ £1.50pm. 0908 145 & 0908 140 Calls rec @ 45ppm. 0909 864 & 0909 866 & 0982 505 Calls rec @ 35ppm. Mobile users may receive free promotional sms msgs.18 years old+ to use this service. You must have the bill payers permission. SMS cost £1.50 each to receive + standard network charges apply. To stop just text 'STOP' to 69469.

Slide your
STIFF COCK
up my
WET CUNT
Very, Very quick
LIVE HARDCORE
Wank line
0909 858 0154

BEND ME OVER
AND FUCK
MY TIGHT
LITTLE HOLE
HARD LIVE
PHONE
NOW!!
0909 858 0156

Phone me for the...
FILTHIEST
FONE
FUCK
EVER
NOW!
0909
858 0157
LIVE
1-2-1
1 minute sex, these filthy sluts don't fuck around!

Come
& Shag
GRANNY
LIVE 121
0909 858 0158

live filthy sex chat
Dirty fucking call for the filthiest Live 121 sex
0909 858 0159

NO INTROS GUARANTEED!!
HOT
SEX
CHAT
LIVE
Bend me over
and Fuck me hard
0909 858 0162

Sick and dirty sex
on your phone
LIVE
NO HOLDS
BARRED
LIVE SEX
Call now for Girls wanting to Fuck your Cock till
TILL YOU CREAM
0909 858 0163
I need your cock up my tight Cunt now

Dial
69456
LIVE
SEX
from
your
mobile

NO
BORING
INTROS
CALL
NOW!
LIVE
121
Sick and dirty
sex on your
phone LIVE
0909 858 0164

GET YOUR
COCK
OUT!!
45p
CALL
NOW!!!
0908
147 0165

LIVE SEX
LIVE
121
GET OFF
LINES
I'll lick
your
cream
off your
cock
0909
858 0167

LIVE
1-2-1
[redacted]
FUCKING
LIVE &
HARD!
Start rubbing
your COCK!
[redacted]
0909
858 0168

DIRTY LITTLE
TEEN CUNT (18+)
LIVE 121
FUCK
HER
NOW!!
0909
858 0169
UNZIP AND UNLOAD ALL OVER THIS TEEN

I'LL FINGER MY
WET PUSSY
WHILE YOU
JERK OFF
LIVE
1-2-1
Listen to Me FUCK Myself and SCREAM!!
0909 858 0172

SEX SOUNDS!!
ONLY
10p a min
EXPLICIT
STORIES
Listen as I do
all the work!!
0909 955 1283

GRANNY
FUCK
Over 60 and
GAGGING
your for
HARD COCK
Live 121
0909 858 0173

HARD
FONE
FUCKING
LIVE
LIVE
121
Get your
cock out
and call
me for
a Live
Wank
NOW!
Cum
with
me
0909
858 0174

PO Box 4022 M60 3TG. Over 18's only. Live calls recorded. 0908 = 45ppm. 09099 = 10ppm. 69456 & 09098 = 100ppm. We may send free messages. Helpline 0844 848 1304.

GIRLS THAT WANT TO FUCK ALL NIGHT - JUST TEXT 'DATE' TO 69469

MARY
47 FROM
ESSEX
WANTS YOU
TO LICK
HER
SWOLLEN CUNT
GIVE HER 5 MINS OF
YOUR TIME - SHE
FUCKING
NEEDS
IT!
0909 616 2609

19
AND
NAIVE
CAN I
PLAY
WITH
YOUR
WILLY?
0909
616 2610

GRANNY JAN
IS A VERY DIRTY LADY
" HERE ME FRIGGING MY SAGGY CUNT WHILST I TALK FILTH TO YOU. ME AND MY FRIENDS ARE HERE 24 HOURS A DAY. SO DO YOU FANCY SOME OLD SMELLY MINGE? CALL ME. " Granny Jan x
0909 616 2608

SUCK ON MY
HUGE TEEN
18+
CLIT
NOW
LISTEN
TO ME SQUIRT
MY JUICES AS I
FRIGG
HARD!
0909
699
0109
SQUIRT FUCK FUN

18+ 'N' EAGER TO PLEASE
"listen to me fuck my teenage pussy while you wank your hard cock - I want to hear you cum"
call her 0909 616 2605

CHEATING
WIFE
WANTS
COCK
SHE WAITS FOR HER HUSBAND TO GO TO WORK & THEN INVITES STRANGERS OVER TO GIVE HER A GOOD HARD FUCKING ALL DAY LONG - EVERY HOLE GETS RAMMMED!!!
45p
0908 140 2553

LISTEN AS I PUSH
MY FINGER INTO MY
TIGHT
JUICY
CUNT
45p
0908 140
2556

I'M JUST 18
AND I NEED
MY FANNY
SPREAD
WIDE OPEN
RAM IT IN
HARD & FAST
PLEASE PENETRATE ME
0909
616 2606

SLUTS WHO LOVE
TO TONGUE
YOUR ASS
SPREAD YOUR
CHEEKS WIDE
OPEN
0909
616 2607

UNZIP RELAX
& WANK
LET ME DO ALL THE
WORK
I BEG FOR
CUM TO
DRINK
CALL ME
0909
616
2611

OPEN
WIDE
BABE
STICK IT
IN DEEP
'N' PUSH IT HARD
I'LL RELIEVE
YOU IN
SECONDS
0909 699 0108

FUCK MY
FACE
UNLOAD
IN MY
MOUTH
I LOVE
TO SWALLOW
0909 464 4275

MATURE
BITCHES
35p
GAGGING FOR
ROUGH
SEX
0982 505 0168

bone me
hard&
make me moan
like a bitch
35p
0982 505 0167

LISTEN TO MY
GIRLFRIEND
LICKING MY
SORE CUNT
"WE'RE FUCKING ALL THE TIME"
0982 505 0169
35p

HEAR ME CREAM
I'LL
FRIGG MY JUICY
GAPING PUSSY WHILE
YOU WANK LETS CUM
TOGETHER RIGHT NOW!
0909 464 4272

45p
1 MINUTE
QUICKIE
WANK
0908 140
2552

FResH YOUNG
TeeN
18+
Ready
FOR YOU
To FUCK
HeR
SHe
ONLY
WaNTS
YOU FOR
SeX
0909
464 4273

JUICE UP
GRANNY'S
RIPE OLD
FANNY
SHES
OPENED
HER MINGE FOR
EASY
WARM
ACCESS
0909 464 4274

1/2 PRICE WANK
WITH A
DIRTY COLLEGE
SLAG
LISTEN AS SHE
SPREADS HER
PUSSY
WIDE OPEN
FOR
FUCKING
0909 699
0107

GRANNY
LIKES HOT SPUNK
IN HER OLD WET
BUCKET
ONLY
45p
PER MIN
0908 140 2554
ANY COCK IS WELCOME

30 SECS
OF PURE
ORAL
HEAVEN
45p
0908
140 2557

GIRLS THAT FUCK LOCALLY & GET PICS - TEXT 'date' TO 69469

LiveLines UK Ltd PO6538 NN2 7YN. Help 0844 871 4497. 0909 897 & 0982 671 & 0909 464 Calls rec @ 60ppm. 0909 986 & 0909 616 Calls rec @ £1pm. 0909 640 & 0909 029 & 0909 699 Calls rec @ £1.50pm. 0908 145 & 0908 140 Calls rec @ 45ppm. 0909 864 & 0909 866 & 0982 505 Calls rec @ 35ppm. Mobile users may receive free promotional sms msgs.18 years old+ to use this service. You must have the bill payers permission. SMS cost £1.50 each to receive + standard network charges apply. To stop just text 'STOP' to 69469.

LIVE 1-2-1 CHAT

BEND ME OVER....
FUCK MY CUNT HARD!
09090 454 117

ECL BOX 42761, EC3P 3WY. Calls cost £1 per min. Helpdesk: 0845 053 0508.

BIG TIT WANK
Dial... 09090 454 118

ECL BOX 42761, EC3P 3WY. Calls cost £1 per min. Helpdesk: 0845 053 0508.

100% LIVE FUCKING
LET'S BOTH UNLOAD!
09090 454 119

ECL BOX 42761, EC3P 3WY. Calls cost £1 per min. Helpdesk: 0845 053 0508.

LISTEN IN EAVESDROP

HARD SPANKING
09090 454 156

ECL BOX 42761, EC3P 3WY. Calls cost £1 per min. Helpdesk: 0845 053 0508.

Hear Me Take It Up The [redacted]
09090 454 115

ECL BOX 42761, EC3P 3WY. Calls cost £1 per min. Helpdesk: 0845 053 0508.

I'll MAKE YOUR COCK EXPLODE!
09090 454 109

ECL BOX 42761, EC3P 3WY. Calls cost £1 per min. Helpdesk: 0845 053 0508.

CUM IN 60 SECONDS
1-2-1 Chat
09090 454 149

ECL BOX 42761, EC3P 3WY. Calls cost £1 per min. Helpdesk: 0845 053 0508.

LIVE 1-2-1 DOM
HAVE YOU BEEN NAUGHTY?
BE DOMINATED BE DOMINANT
LET ME PUNISH YOU!
09090 454 116

ECL BOX 42761, EC3P 3WY. Calls cost £1 per min. Helpdesk: 0845 053 0508.

HOT MOBILE MOVIES

FREE Movie
GRAN/MATURE
PICTURES/VIDS
Text 7GRAN To 69693
Join for £1.50 per day for UNLIMITED ACCESS to all categories

ECL BOX 42761, EC3P 3WY. 1 MOVIE FREE. Subscription Service £1.50 per day for unlimited access to all categories billed £4.50 every 3 days. To stop send STOP to 69693.Helpdesk 0871 310 2037.

Fetish Movies
Text FETISH9 To 69693

ECL BOX 42761, EC3P 3WY. 1 MOVIE FREE. Subscription Service £1.50 per day for unlimited access to all categories billed £4.50 every 3 days. To stop send STOP to 69693.Helpdesk 0871 310 2037.

FREE Movie
HARD PORN VIDEOS FOR YOUR MOBILE!
Nympho TEENS
BIG TITS
GRAN SLUTS
BIZARRE
Three Somes
FETISH AND DOM
TEXT... PORN7 To 69693

ECL BOX 42761, EC3P 3WY. 1 MOVIE FREE. Subscription Service £1.50 per day for unlimited access to all categories billed £4.50 every 3 days. To stop send STOP to 69693.Helpdesk 0871 310 2037.

MATURE LADIES

MILF
BORED OF SAME COCK!
LIVE
09090 454 157

ECL BOX 42761, EC3P 3WY. Calls cost £1 per min. Helpdesk: 0845 053 0508.

FILTHY GRAN
SAGGY MAGGIE
09090 454 111

ECL BOX 42761, EC3P 3WY. Calls cost £1 per min. Helpdesk: 0845 053 0508.

GIRL-ON-GIRL

HOT & WET GIRL-on-GIRL
09090 454 114

ECL BOX 42761, EC3P 3WY. Calls cost £1 per min. Helpdesk: 0845 053 0508.

DOGGING

DIRTY DOGGING
UK SEX HOTSPOTS
-SEX IN CARS-
-EXHIBITIONISTS-
-BORED COUPLES-
D50 London
D55 Yorkshire
D51 S.East
D56 N.West
D52 Anglia
D57 N.East
D53 W.Country
D58 Midlands
D54 Wales
D59 Scotland
TEXT AREA CODE TO 69693
GET SUCKED OFF BY A STRANGER TONIGHT! 100% GENUINE!

ECL BOX 42761, EC3P 3WY.. 10 Txts Total cost £9. We may contact you with other offers/services. HelpDesk: 0871 310 2037

18+ TEENS

HOT & HORNY TEENS
18
09090 454 112

ECL BOX 42761, EC3P 3WY. Calls cost £1 per min. Helpdesk: 0845 053 0508.

18 AND DIRTY
LIVE 1to1
09090 454 113

ECL BOX 42761, EC3P 3WY. Calls cost £1 per min. Helpdesk: 0845 053 0508.

EAVESDROP LINES

EAVESDROP LINE	09090 454 121
SPUNK FILLED P'SSY	09090 454 122
BANGED BY THE BUILDERS	09090 454 123
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DESPERATE SEX MAD DIVORCEE 45YRS

Attractive with sexy fit body. Loves giving oral (likesthe taste!). Enjoys wearing stockings & suspenders and enjoys casual nostrings sex. Seeks MALES & COUPLES 25-60YRS. LONDON

0909 799 6565

DIVORCEE 42YRS WANTS SEX!

Hi Guys, I'm Julie & I'm 100% genuine. I've got lovelybig juicy tits and I am one filthy bitch in bed! I give the best **oral sex** & I'm ALWAYS up for it. I prefer my MEN aged over 20 & under 65yrs. Otherthan that, ANYTHING goes! No strings.LONDON (Can travel)

0909 799 6566

DESPERATE SEXY DIVORCEE 62YRS

Very pretty & superb busty figure. If you like bigtits this is the woman for you! She's gagging for SEX with MALES any age orrace. 100% genuine & always delivers on the first date! Loves giving **oral sex** too! Own home & can travel ANYWHERE

0909 799 6567

STUNNING SEXY DIVORCEE 54YRS.

Very pretty & gorgeous figure. 34DD tits that needloads of attention. Neatly trimmed & VERY wet & more than willing!Seeks MALES 25-60yrs. After a couple of drinks I'll do ANYTHING & I meanANYTHING! So give me a call & lets meet. SCOTLAND

0909 799 6568

GORGEOUS DIVORCEE 39YRS

Hot & horny & up for sexy fun with no strings.Pretty face, lovely firm 36D tits & shaven. Gagging to meet MALES 21-50yrs.Can Accom/travel. MIDLANDS

0909 799 6569

DESPERATE FOR SEX DIVORCEE 44YRS

Just look at my gorgeous big juicy tits guys & imaginewhat you could do with them! I'm ALWAYS wet & I'm truly desperate to startliving life 100% after long boring marriage. No strings just SEX!! I want tomeet MALES 22-52yrs. If you fancy my photo I want to meet you! SOUTH.

0909 799 6570

SEPERATED & FREE FOR FUN 52YRS.

Hope you like my photo! My ex took it! I want to make upfor lost time now. I want MEN MEN & MORE MEN! Any age/race. If you fancyme, I'm up for it with no strings. I can travel & have my own house. IALWAYS dress to please & love short skirts etc. Maybe we could make a video?LONDON

0909 799 6571

FREE sexy Adult Contact Mag with colour pics & contact details

Call Natasha

07030 300 833

FILTHY IN BED DIVORCEE 44YRS

I love dressing up & looking sexy in short skirts& tight tops etc. I'm told I'm REALLY filthy in bed, I do EVERYTHING &that's a promise! I'm not interested in you looks because I'm not looking for arelationship, just SEX. MALES should be energetic & aged 25-55yrs. MANCHESTER

0909 799 6574

OVER 40 & WELL UP FOR IT!!

I hope you like women with big tits! Mine are 100% natural& a very firm 38D. Very sensitive nipples just aching for some maleattention. I love kissing & especially enjoy giving **oral sex**. I want tomeet MALES 25-55yrs. LEEDS

0909 799 6575

BORED & MARRIED 54YRS

Hubby always away with his work & I get VERYfrustrated! I'm 100% genuine & simply ask for discretion. I will meet MALES25-65yrs daytimes & possibly stay over some nights. I can travel but livein NORTHANTS. Your looks etc not an issue.

0909 799 6576

BUSTY DIVORCEE 58YRS

Pretty face & even better in bed! Happy to dress up& enjoy all fantasy games. I have my own flat & car so can travel tomeet. I will try to call everybody back! Leave me a sexy message & lets meet up. (I love phone sex too!) MIDLANDS

0909 799 6577

OVER 60 BUT STILL UP FOR IT!

Still very sexual & would LOVE to meet MALES over 30& under 70yrs. I don't need Viagra, I'm still very juicy & you know whatthey say about the older woman! If you desire a purely sexual meeting with nostrings I will meet you. NORTHANTS

0909 799 6578

BORED MARRIED & OVER 50YRS.

Fed up with hubby away all the time. I'm home alone everyweekday from 8.00am until 7.00pm. If you fancy coming over & giving me agood XXXX I will be more than happy to oblige. Discretion a must! LEEDS

0909 799 6579

HORNY BUSTY BABE 37YRS

I love sex indoors & outdoors. I want to meet down toearth MALES 22-50yrs. I'm fed up with flash posers. Your looks unimportant. Ilive north of London but can travel. (I love phone sex too!)

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30 SECOND QUICK RELIEF IN MY BEDROOM WAITING FOR YOUR CALL

LIVE 24hr HOT XXX CHAT

0909 980 5711

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DESPERATE DIVORCEE 55YRS

Quite attractive but not fussy about looks & ages! Ifyou're MALE over 20 & under 65yrs I'm up for it! I enjoy most things &can't wait to start meeting. I love sexy phone chats too! If you fancy meetingme, just call me NOW! WEST MIDLANDS

0909 799 6583

HOT DIVORCEE 42YRS WANTS SEX!

Fed up & bored. Just moved to a new area & looking for MALES 25-55yrs for no strings sex! I love giving oral & after a coupleof drinks get VERY horny. You bring a bottle of Vodka & I'll XXXX yourbrains out! That's a promise!CHESHIRE

0909 799 6584

DESPERATE DIVORCEE 60YRS

Lovely 42F juicy tits! Always wet but needs MALES 35-65yrsto give her what she needs! No strings sex! LONDON

0909 799 6585

JUST DIVORCED 38YRS

Very attractive & superb tits, 38D. I'm looking forcasual meetings only. If I meet you I will XXXX you. I have my own house &car so can travel. I have good O & A levels! I like it all. Never triedbondage etc but may be prepared to. Any age/race. NORTH

0909 799 6586

I LOVE SUCKING!! DIVORCED & 56YRS

Come on guys, I get fed sucking my fingers! Any ideas? I'm told my mouth is nice & wet & warm. I get very frustrated a lone & fancy meeting MALES 30-65YRS for sex with no strings. Marital status &looks not important! MANCHESTER

0909 799 6587

WEALTHY DIVORCEE 54YRS

Own house with pool! Hubby gone so now I want MALES 25-60yrs to come over & XXXX me! No strings! SURREY

0909 799 6588

BORED MARRIED 38YRS.

Hubby overseas! I need MEN 22-45yrs to come over &satisfy my insatiable desires! No strings but discretion a must! Very pretty& lovely 36DD tits. I'm always wet & eager to please! I love oral too! CAMBS.

0909 799 6589

DIVORCED EX MODEL 42YRS

Attractive & great figure & 34F juicy firm tits in need of male attention. Long legs to wrap around you too! MALES 22-55yrs wanted. Any looks etc. I live in GLOUCESTER but happy to travel ANYWHERE!

0909 799 6590

I LOVE STOCKINGS!! 55YRS

Attractive, lovely firm busty body & nearly 6ft inhigh heels! 100% genuine & always in the mood. I like nothing more than tobe bent over & given a good XXXX! I like all ages but say MALES 25-65yrs. Ilove sucking XXXX too! If you fancy meeting me just call me! SOUTH

0909 799 6591

GUESS HOW I LIKE IT? 54YRS

If you like an easy older woman who has good O & A levels,I'm the one for you! Never says NO and does EVERYTHING! I might be old but youwill have the best XXXX ever!! Males wanted 22-60yrs. S.WEST

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Help line 0844 499 0571

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BOYFRIEND MADE ME FUCK HIS DAD	0909 799 6481
HE SPUNKED OVER MY MUMS FACE	0909 799 6482
MY 18th. I SUCKED MY DADS MATE OFF.	0909 799 6483
I WANKED MY BOYFRIENDS DAD OFF	0909 799 6484
GYM SKIRT UP WHITE SOCKS DOWN	0909 799 6485
I WATCHED MY B/F FUCK MY MOTHER	0909 799 6486
PONY GIRL SPREADS CHEEKS FOR THEM	0909 799 6487
B/F FUCKED MY MUMS XXXX AS I WATCH	0909 799 6488
GRANNYS TITS SWING RIDING COCK	0909 799 6489
MISTRESS WHIPS PATHETIC WIMP	0909 799 6490
AMBER SHOWER GUSHED INTO MY MOUTH	0909 799 6491
SHE DILDOED NEW BLOKES VIRGIN XXXX	0909 799 6492
I FUCKED HER TIGHT VIRGIN CUNT 18+	0909 799 6493
MISTRESS TIED / BOUND ME IN THE CELLAR	0909 799 6494
LESBIAN COLLEGE GIRLS LICK CLITS	0909 799 6495
STRICT LESBIAN CANDLES AU PAIRS CUNT	0909 799 6496
18YR VIRGIN 1ST XXXX FUCK	0909 799 6497
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18

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45p

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30 SEC WANK

35P

GET UR COCK OUT!

I'LL MAKE YOU CUM LOADS IN SECS

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L.Lines PO6538 NN2 7YN. Help 08448714497.
Calls rec @ 35p p/m. Callers must be18+ only.

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LIVE DISCIPLINE

1 ON 1 ACTION

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60p OAP'S LIVE!

WANK WITH ME!

HORNY LIVE GRANNY FANNY

CALL ME & CUM

0909 534 1331

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LIVE 1-2-1 CHAT

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COME IN 60 SECS

from 35p PER MIN

MOBILE 89489

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WOMEN: 0800 075 6600
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GAY: 0871 300 0065

0800 = Free at all times, 0871 = 9p per min. 18+.

GAY CHAT

ONLY **6P** PER MIN

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0871 = 6p per min. 18+.

YOU WILL OBEY MISTRESS VICTORIA

60P S&M

CALL ME NOW FOR EXPERT DOMINATION

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NEW 35P

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UNZIP RELAX & WANK

LET ME DO ALL THE WORK

I WILL MAKE YOU CUM

35P

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dirty teens 18+

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MOBILE less than 0909! 89489

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MAYFAIR Classifieds

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LET'S CUM TOGETHER!
60p LIVE SEX
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60p

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TRAFFIC WARDENS	0909 534 7490
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CHEAP AMAZING WANK OFF
WITH CHLOE
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CALL FOR CHEAP PUSSY ACTION
35p
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TEXT 'CHLOE' TO 69469

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WANK OFF WITH HORNY GRANNY
35p
0909 866 1199

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from 35p PER MIN
MOBILE >69808
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GAGGING FOR ROUGH SEX
SHOCKING CUNT ACTION -SPUNK IN SECS
35p
0909 866 1150

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TEXT CHAT!
women text: eray
men text: mray
gay text: gray
to: 69866
FREE 4 WOMEN
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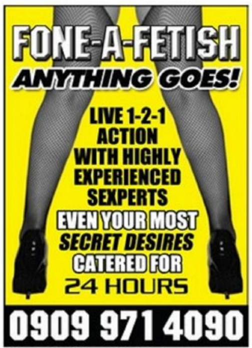
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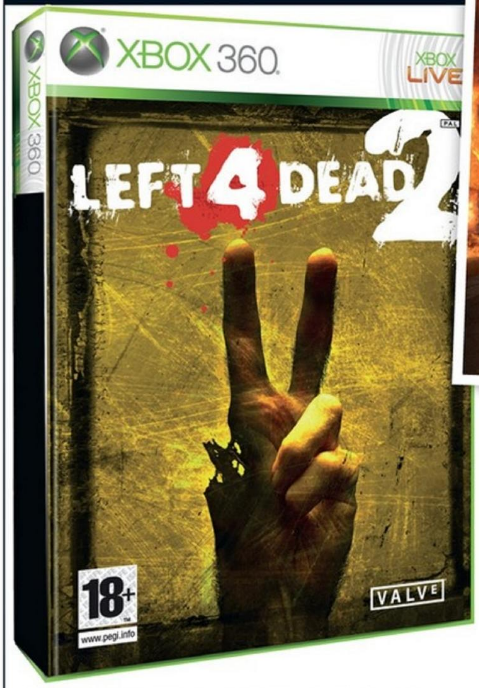
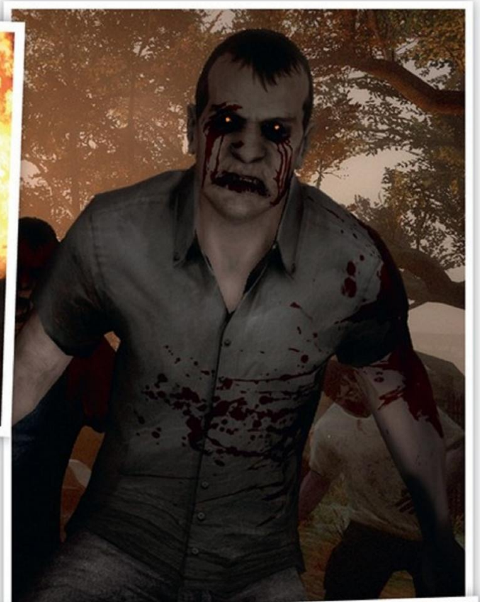
Scene from **Mayfair**

When you spend your whole day in the company of beautiful, naked ladies, it takes something special to turn your head for a bit. These are what managed it this month…

LEFT 4 DEAD 2





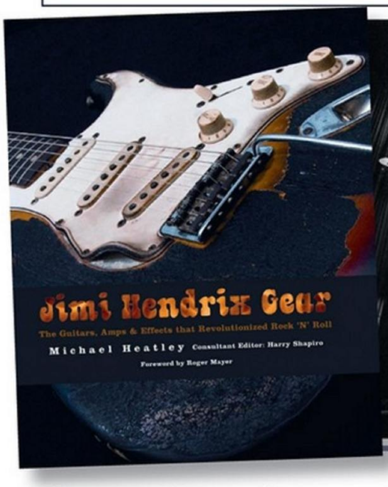
The way people are sometimes these days, I wonder if you'd actually notice if you had a horde of angry, mutated zombies bearing down on you. Certainly their wild eyes and manic body movements wouldn't give the game away, and when they shuffled into you, moaning and possibly even knocking you to the ground and trampling on your head, you might just think it was a bunch of particularly determined commuters in a rush for the bus, or a gaggle of bargain hunters heading for the Next sale.

Eyebrows would possibly be raised when said horde began eating your brains, but by then it would be too late – your goose, as they say, would be well and truly cooked.

So it's just as well that we've got games like *Left 4 Dead 2* to keep us all on our toes. *L4D2* is set in the American Deep South in the aftermath of an apocalyptic pandemic, and zombiefied humans are running amok like it's Sunday in IKEA.

Four survivors remain, and you must guide them through the legions of infected using guns, bombs and even frying pans, in order to complete the levels and get to the safehouses. Easy. Well, it might be if it wasn't for special-infecteds who can kill you with, amongst other things, their acid phlegm and deadly puke. Nice.

Thrilling and terrifying in equal parts, and with game modes aplenty, *L4D2* is fun for the not so faint-hearted.

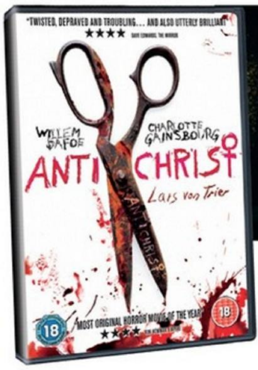

Jimi Hendrix Gear
The Guitars, Amps & Effects that Revolutionized Rock 'N' Roll
Michael Heatley Consultant Editor: Harry Shapiro
Foreword by Roger Mayer

JIMI HENDRIX GEAR

There can't have been many guitarists who've tilted the world of rock music on its axis quite as much as Jimi Hendrix did when he burst onto the London scene back in late 1966. Resident guitar gods like Eric Clapton and Jeff Beck suddenly sounded a bit old hat, and had to raise their games dramatically in the light of the newcomer's arrival.

But of course while it was Hendrix's incendiary and innovative technique that really blew everyone away, there were also a fair few technological advances that helped him achieve his sounds – wah-wah pedals, octavias, fuzz boxes and the like – not to mention the amps and guitars themselves! And at long last here's a book to tell the story of the equipment that helped Hendrix get his sound. Published by Voyager Press, this tome is packed full of photos of the original (often burnt and smashed) kit, and is, therefore, the sort of thing axemen of all ages should have on the shelf!

ANTICHRIST

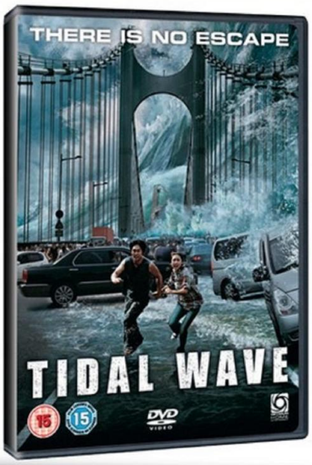

"TWISTED, DEPRAVED AND TROUBLING... AND ALSO UTTERLY BRILLIANT"
WILLEM DAFOE
CHARLOTTE GAINSBOURG
ANTICHRIST
Lars von Trier
MOST ORIGINAL HORROR MOVIE OF THE YEAR

We're all for films that cause a bit of a controversy when they hit the screens, which means we should absolutely love this one! Director Lars von Trier's raised more hackles than most over the years with his unsentimental take on life, but he's really pulled out all the stops with *Antichrist*!

Essentially a horror, this film features a cast of only two – Willem Dafoe and Charlotte Gainsbourg (daughter of nicotine-stained French icon Serge and his breathy English muse Jane Birkin), and it has to be said it looks like von Trier put them through the mill when he was filming. Their characters, gnomically titled 'He' and 'She' kick proceedings off by having a wild bonk. So far so good – but unfortunately for all concerned their small son picks that very same moment to clamber out of his cot onto a desk and fall out of an open window to his death, just as She's in the throes of passion.

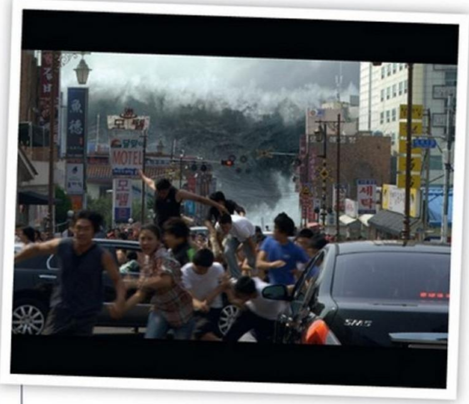
After that the grief and the recriminations start. She collapses at the funeral and spends a fair while semi-conscious before waking up overcome with grief, while He, who just happens to be a therapist, takes it upon himself to oversee her recover. Well, needless to say, it's no easy task, perhaps made trickier by their relocating to a log cabin called 'Eden'. Cue all sorts of peculiar and violent goings-on as their psyches crumble under the onslaught of emotions. Brutal stuff – and graphic, too. A chick flick it ain't!

TIDAL WAVE


THERE IS NO ESCAPE
TIDAL WAVE

Disaster movies are all the rage again these days, but instead of piffling little things like planes crashing and buildings catching fire, we now like our disasters to be on a larger scale! *The Day After Tomorrow* started the trend, with its daft take on the perils of global warming (a new Ice Age, of course!) and *2012* is currently helping to shift boxes of overpriced popcorn at multiplexes around the land – although surely London's Olympics won't be *that* bad!

And now, like some sort of unstoppable zombie virus that's set to infect the world, the taste for making disaster flicks has spread from Hollywood all the way to (South) Korea! Anyone who saw 2006's *The Host* will know the Koreans know how to churn out slick films when they choose to, and *Tidal Wave* (evocatively called *Haeundae* in the original) is as glossy as they come. With special effects by the team behind *The Perfect Storm* and, inevitably, *The Day After Tomorrow* and a nice human interest angle, it's worth looking out for. World cinema with blockbuster values? Grand!



COCO BEFORE CHANEL

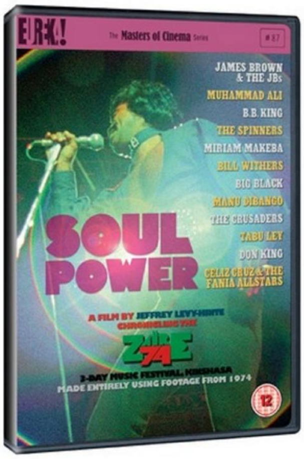
"The most stylish film since Sex and the City"
AUDREY TAUTOU
BENOÎT POELVOORDE
ALESSANDRO NIVOLA
MARIE GILLAIN
EMMANUELLE DEVOS
COCO BEFORE CHANEL
A FILM BY ANNE FONTAINE

OK, so most sensible folk would surely agree that high fashion is about as pointless a pursuit as can possibly be imagined, with countless women's magazines crammed full of super-skinny models showing off the sort of shmutter most womenfolk would no more think of wearing than they would of walking down the high street starkers. Still, that's not to say that *haute couture* hasn't had its fair share of interesting personalities over the years, and probably the most interesting, not to mention the most influential, has to be Coco Chanel.

Born into poverty (in a brothel) in 1883, prospects were pretty bleak for young Gabrielle Chanel, but a few lucky breaks, a skill at tailoring and the nous to sleep with whoever might help her along soon brought about her transformation into arch-fashionista Coco. So really this flick should have been called 'Chanel before Coco'…

Starring Amelie's Audrey Tatou, the film itself is about as lavish as you could hope for – it's dripping exquisite period detail and the clothes, of course, are on the suitably swish side. In other words, one to watch with the missus!

SOUL POWER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DON KING
CELIA CRUZ & THE FANIA ALLSTARS
SOUL POWER
A FILM BY JEFFREY LEVY-HINTE
CHRONICLING THE ZAIRE 74
3-DAY MUSIC FESTIVAL, KINSHASA
MADE ENTIRELY USING FOOTAGE FROM 1974

Sports fans will be well aware of the classic Rumble in the Jungle, the 1974 showdown between Muhammed Ali and George Foreman that took place in Kinshasa, Zaire (and which formed the basis for the fantastic *When We Were Kings* documentary a year or two back). There was a lot of bad blood between the two protagonists that seemed to go beyond the usual pre-bout hype, but ironically 1974 also represented something of a high water mark for the Black Power movement. By this time, James Brown was far from the only one who was soulfully proclaiming that he was black and he was proud, and so the occasion of the fight seemed the perfect opportunity to mount a festival of black music…

As well as boxing fans, then, music fans found themselves flocking to the Zaire capital that year to witness a historic three-day festival that featured many of the most prominent black musicians of the time – The Godfather of Soul himself, of course, alongside fellow American luminaries like Bill Withers, The Spinners, BB King and Sister Sledge, but also plenty of African music from the likes of Miriam Makeba and Manu Dibango. And now, long after DVDs of Woodstock, Monterey and the rest have hit the shelves, someone's thought to put together a proper documentary – namely director Jeffrey Levy-Hinte (who edited *When We Were Kings*, and who clearly has a soft spot for the era!). As well as featuring plenty of footage from what amounts to a fantastic gig featuring some of the biggest acts of the time, this is a well put-together portrait of a snapshot in time at a crucial junction in modern history, and the perfect accompaniment to its sporty big brother.

MAYFAIR Classic

We don't want to go casting aspersions here, but we've got a sneaky feeling that Helen wasn't actually a genuine blonde at all! Still, as aircraft investigators are always quick to point out, there's nothing wrong with discovering a black box!

Ahem, anyway, quite aside from her follicular mismatch, Helen seems to have found herself embroiled in the seamier side of Bournemouth society by working as a masseuse. Then again, back in 1979 a masseuse was probably a pretty respectable sort of job – right up there with school ma'am and, er, governess. Not that there's anything wrong with it now, either! As it happens some of the nicest girls we've ever met have been masseuses!

HELEN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Wise folk with an eye for good stock could do far worse than to invest in the Bournemouth massage clinic industry. Its trade could double following the appearance in our pages of fully qualified Bournemouth masseuse Helen Underhill, whose job it is to massage the bodies of sunny Bournemouth residents who wish to emulate or retain a figure more akin to Helen's supple 35-23-35 body.

MAYFAIR Classic

Not surprisingly 21-year-old Helen refuses point blank to name the establishment where one can enjoy her light, and not so light, caress. Not a hint would she give. 'Well I'm busy enough as it is', she complained. 'Not that I mind, because it's a job I enjoy very much. Also I firmly believe in the benefits of an expertly given massage. It relaxes the body and mind, and can be a good aid to slimming, especially if massage is coupled with regular saunas and a balanced diet. Most of my customers come here to lose weight, and nearly all are women. I suppose they're more figure conscious.' The art of massage is not acquired overnight, Helen explained, for she had to spend six months at a London college kneading, rubbing, pulling and squeezing. 'You have to get quite rough', said Helen. 'And unless you know what you're doing you could hurt a customer.'

The deep south of England is a fairly recent stomping ground for Helen. She's a Cheshire lass, and was born in Congleton and raised there for her first sixteen years. The town's mixed grammar school helped her gain five O Levels, and it was in art that Helen scored her highest grade. 'It was easily my favourite subject', said Helen. 'At one time I seriously considered applying for art college, but I didn't think I was quite good enough.' However, when the Underhills moved to Bournemouth Helen maintained her interest in art, but on the other side of the easel. 'I now model nude. It's just as much fun', she said.

MAYFAIR
Classic

The MAYFAIR Intelligencer

Yes, we've got all the information you could possibly require in order to form a sound opinion on just about every topic worthy of consideration. Go on, try us!

WHAT IF...

Poo gosh! What If the Titanic hadn't sunk and gone to the bottom of the Atlantic in the early hours of 15th April 1912? Wouldn't that have been wonderful?

Well yes. Yes it would! Fabulous, in fact. And not simply because the lives of 1,517 of the 2,223 people on board the doomed White Star liner wouldn't have been forfeit. No, because without this great maritime catastrophe to fascinate us and sob about, we wouldn't have had to suffer 13 more years of shit Leonardo DiCaprio flicks.

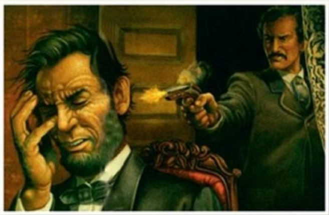
Furthermore, had the Titanic cheerfully sailed on to New York, James Cameron would be best known as the writer/director of the excellent sci-fi films *Aliens* and *Terminator 2: Judgment Day* – rather than the wally who a) secured Leonardo's A-List credentials; b) didn't know that anyone sitting in the stern of an up-ended giant iron ship as it slid into the deep would be sucked after it unless they managed to suspend the laws of physics; and c) upon being lauded for making the lamest film of his career, haughtily proclaimed himself: "The King Of The World".

Another ultra-positive benefit of the Titanic's not-sinking would be that the Labrador Coast, where many of the victims of the liner tragedy are buried, would still be a secret kingdom whose shores are guarded by big friendly dogs.

Finally, if the Titanic had never gone done, one less iceberg would be badly chipped, which, given concerns over melting polar caps, would be a huge plus for the environment.

CONSPIRACY CORNER

Most people take it for granted that the conspirators who plotted the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln at Ford's Theater on Good Friday 1865 met justice either at gun-point or at the end of a noose. Yet conspiracy theories abound.



One of the most enduring is that John Wilkes Booth, the actor who fired a derringer ball into Lincoln's napper, and who is held to have been shot dead after two weeks on the run by federal troops, somehow escaped the soldiers and lived to a ripe old age. Certainly, events at the Virginia farm where Booth and a co-conspirator holed up in the barn took a peculiar turn, with the barn being set on fire and Booth being shot dead as he was about to flee. Stranger still was the character of the soldier who silenced the assassin. Sergeant Boston Corbett, the man who shot Booth, was a religious maniac who had castrated himself, allegedly to achieve spiritual purity. Though later locked away in a mental institution, he escaped and vanished without a trace.

Rumours also persist of a Booth "double", who, oddly enough, was six inches taller and had reddish hair (Booth's hair was jet black) – rumours which were lent their initial credence by reports that Booth's doctor had failed to recognise the alleged corpse of the assassin, which he was apparently only allowed to glimpse for a moment.

ETIQUETTE FOR THE BEWILDERED

Struggling to get to grips with life in the 21st Century? Fear not – we've got all the answers in our A-Z of etiquette dilemmas.

C is for Chav...

The term, which first appeared in English dictionaries in 2005, refers to the kind of person prior generations described as having a "fur coat and no knickers" and carries connotations of yob culture. Chavs typically wear tracksuits and hoodies and, roaming in packs, enjoy binge-drinking and mugging lone pedestrians.

If you intend to mix with them socially, therefore, expensive brand name sports clothes and a "fuck it" attitude will go a long way to gaining their acceptance. Giving everyone the fingers (including yourself) and using the word "wanker" at least twice in every sentence are likewise mandatory behavioural traits.

HOLLYWOOD FOLLIES

Goofs, accidents and cock-ups are as much a part of the half-assed world of Hollywood as poor storylines and bad acting, with the most awful oversights in logic and continuity gliding past inattentive film editors and arrogant directors onto the big silver screen.

GLADIATOR (2000)

In the opening battle between the Legions and the German Tribes, the barbarians have arrows sticking in their shields before a single arrow has been fired and are all chanting Zulu war-cries lifted from the soundtracks of *Zulu* and *Zulu Dawn.* And when the two sides crash together, two female Germanic warriors can be seen giggling, while a male German stands around smiling.

After the battle, Russell Crowe (Maximus) feeds an apple to a horse, and a bloke in jeans hightails it out of the picture behind him. Maximus then steps up in his stirrups (which weren't introduced into Europe for several hundred more years) and gallops off in his tunica (i.e. his underwear) – without weapons, provisions or clothing, to ride to Spain – which is a minimum of three weeks away from Germania… unless he plans to plane, train or bus it. Or hire a car.

When Maximus' wife and child are butchered on the family estate the tractor tracks in the grain fields are a trifle distracting, and later, while Maximus is fighting in the arena with a special sword that self-cleans itself of blood then appears bloody again for no reason, a jet plane leaves a trail of white smoke overhead.

Called before the Emperor (presumably to explain why an overturned chariot which flew into the air had a green oxygen tank inside it), Maximus is obliged to await the evil potentate flanked by guards, one of whom is wearing a watch.

Afterwards, in consultation with his owner, Proximo (the late Olly Reed), Maximus jabs a sword to one side and waggles it to make a point and it's sadly obvious the wobbly weapon is made of silver-painted rubber.

Coming Next Month

Vol.45
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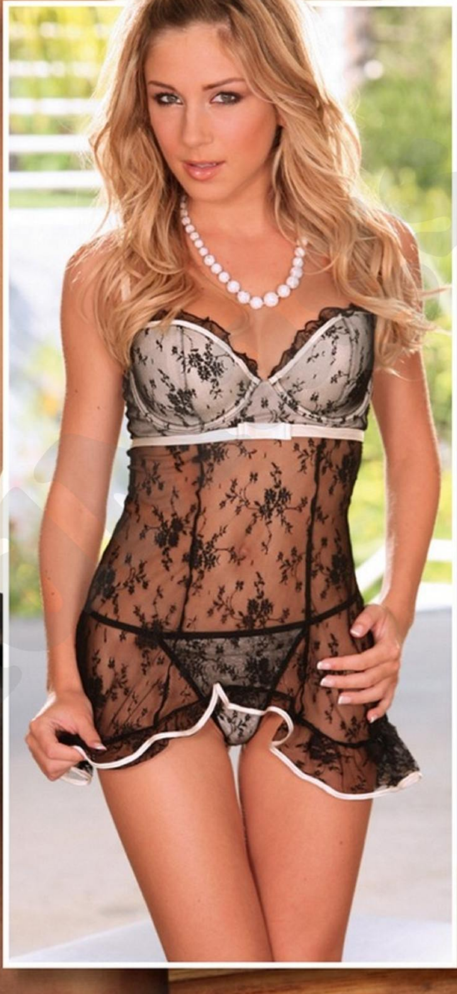
Now far be it from us to make lame puns about "copping" a load of Angelica, or making lewd references to truncheons or, erm, falling down the stairs whilst in custody, but will you check her out! Do you suppose all lady coppers wear undies like that? We bet they do! Also in the mix next month is English Rose (albeit via Scandinavia) Julia Crown. Don't miss, out!



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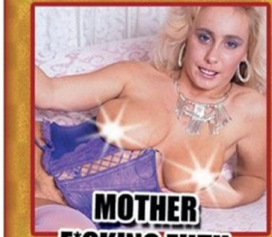

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